THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 75. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 720 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, April 11, 1896. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 41

I WANT YOU.

BY H. S. S.

I want you, in the Springtime sweet and tender,
To be with me when earth is thrilled and stirred
With all the gathering mystery of Life—
To watch with me the birth of bud and bird.

I want you, in the full and radiant Summer,
To share with me its opulence, mine own;
In a rose-kingdom there to crown you Queen,
And kneel before you on your flowery throne.

I want you, in the sad and splendid Autumn,
To reap with me its harvests—gold and red;
To watch it light its forest fires, and mourn
Together o'er things beautiful—but dead.

I want you most of all in Winter dreary,
That we together may make warmth and light;
Holding aloft Love's quenchless torch, until
Its flame illumines all the gloom and night.

I want you—Oh! I want you, now and ever!
Had I a million tongues, they could but cry,
'I want you.' All the hunger of my life
Speaks in these words. Am I to live or die?

FOR LOVE OF GOLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS" "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "RUNNED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

WITH this gratifying piece of intelligence the youth turned promptly head over heels, and then, without another word, darts away up the drive, leaving me standing alone at the open front door.

For a moment, I must confess, I am more than half inclined to run after him. Now that my interview with the poor demented creature shut up in this gloomy house is at hand I actually tremble at the prospect of finding myself alone with her—at the thought of risking the unpleasantness, not to say danger, of a tete-a-tete with a madwoman, for the purpose of eliciting from her a secret that, after all, is no concern of mine, and that may actually have no existence save in the wild imagination of her own unsettled brain.

But then, on the other hand, supposing my suspicions are correct, and that the invalid is really the long-lost Rachel Marlowe, it must be to her advantage to unmask the villain who has undoubtedly brought her back to the Priory to further a nefarious scheme of his own.

At any rate, should any plot be discovered, there is no fear that Philip Marlowe will let her be a sufferer for being a mere tool in the hands of crafty Mr. Hastings Aylmer.

No—I have gone too far to draw back now; and, without further hesitation, I enter the house and, crossing the hall, pause outside the closed door of the old drawing room, listening acutely for any sound within.

Yes, footsteps, hurried irregular steps, are plainly to be heard running to and fro. They come close, quite close, to the door outside which I am standing, and then hasten away, pit-a-pat, across the polished oak floor right to the other end of the room.

I must confess that my heart goes pit-a-pat too as I listen; and I select the moment when the sounds are farthest away from the door to knock, which I do gently at first, then louder and louder, until, receiving no reply, I turn the heavy brass door handle in desperation and walk in.

An extraordinary sight meets my astonished gaze. At the farthest extremity of the long drawing room stands Mrs. Hastings Aylmer, in appallingly strange costume.

She has discarded the dirty cashmere dressing gown that she wore when I first made her acquaintance, and has dressed herself in a startling brocade skirt, which has evidently been taken out of some chest or wardrobe for the occasion, and which, besides being of all the colors of the rainbow, possesses the additional disadvantage of being very short, so that her thin legs and narrow feet, covered respectively with soiled and wrinkled white stockings and shabby felt slippers, are partly exposed to view.

The enormous veil of thick yellowish lace envelops her head, shoulders, and all the upper part of her body, as usual, but it is now lavishly adorned with ribbon bows and ends of all hues and sizes, stuck on promiscuously here and there, without any attempt at uniformity or arrangement.

The poor woman is, without doubt, in a state of intense mental excitement. Her usually pallid and cadaverous cheeks are scarlet, her pale blue eyes, always misty with unshed tears, seem starting out of her head.

In one hand she carries a handkerchief of coarse texture, squeezed up to a point in the centre, in the company fashion of days gone by, while in the other, held well over her shoulder, parasol fashion, is an ordinary black hearth broom!

At sight of me, she utters an inarticulate cry of rage, and advances rapidly, upsetting two light spindle-legged chairs on her way, and brandishing the broom in a decidedly menacing manner.

"So," she exclaims, coming to a halt at about half a yard from where I stand almost paralysed from fright and astonishment, "you have come to fetch him, have you? Well, you might have spared yourself the trouble, for he is gone—yes, gone, and left me, his wife—his poor miserable, down-trodden wife—behind him! And I was all dressed too!"—with a sudden burst of angry hysterical tears and a glance of admiration at her own outrageous attire—a glance that was ludicrous and yet at the same time pathetic.

"Yes—you may stare!"—defiantly. "But it is true; and it took me a long time, the bows—and—things. They would keep dropping off, and I had so few pins—and then—then after all!"—here her frail gaunt frame is suddenly shaken by a paroxysm of tearless gasping sobs.

"After all—he said—I was a show—a scarecrow, that the boys would—would hoot at if I showed my face outside the door; and he—said—that he was going to—to—meet you—and that he could kiss—could—kiss the ground you walked on, although you were so proud and haughty—and that—that if he could—could but find the hateful money he would take you away, and break your detestable pride for you somehow, and—and leave—me—poor wretched, worn-out, mad, ugly me—behind to—to—die!"

Her voice sinks to a mere whisper at the conclusion of the last sentence, and, utterly exhausted from her intense passion, she drops helplessly into an arm chair close at hand.

Determined to show no fear, I go up to her at once, and lay my hand gently but firmly upon her thin shoulder.

"Look here, Mrs. Aylmer! You must listen to me for a little while, will you? Oh, yes, please! But I tell you you must!"—exerting the power that my will undoubtedly enables me to exercise over her, as I find that she tries feebly to shake off my grasp.

"I have always been kind to you since I have known you, and have tried to do what I could to help you, because I pitied you so much; but I detest—yes, I detest—your husband; and you need have no fear at all that he will carry out his idle threat and take me away!"

She looks at me imploringly, the fiery passion in her eyes already dying fast.

"Detest him? Do you?" she whispers, with a slight shudder and a timid glance round the shadowy room. "Ah, you do well! I wish—I wish—long ago—when I was a girl like you—— What am I saying? I was never a girl—only a poor, wild, untaught creature, with a wretched home and a cruel bad father! And then—Robert came—and I listened. I thought he—he cared for me! I never guessed he wanted me because of—the money; and I went. But he has punished me—oh, all those dreary, dreary years, he has punished me! And—now—now—ever since he died, and it was all missing, I have no peace, none! Robert has always said I know where it was hidden, and that I kept the secret to—to—spite him. Oh, Heaven"—clasping her thin hands wildly above her head and then beating her brow with them—"to spite him, when he is the master of me, body and soul, and I hardly dare breathe sometimes for fear of what he may do to me next!"

"Never mind—oh, never mind!" I whispered sympathizingly, bending over the poor miserable woman and stroking her disordered gray hair in a soothing manner, as she lies back, sobbing bitterly, in the shabby old arm chair.

I am trembling in every limb from excitement and terror—excitement at finding my suspicions verified, since it is beyond all question now that Rachel Marlowe and Mrs. Aylmer are one, for I can even trace in the shrunken miserable face a certain likeness to her nephew Philip; and terror that the thunder which I can hear now and then rumbling faintly in the distance may be the precursor of a tremendous storm that will drive all the Fairacre party to abandon their festivities and make the best of their way home two or three hours before the usual time.

Any clue to the all-important secret which can be gained from the poor miserable trembling creature before me must be gained at once. I shudder at the thought of Mr. Hastings Aylmer's returning and finding me here alone with his victim.

Fortunately, her intense resentment against myself seems to be dissipated entirely by my repeated assurance that her husband's admiration for me is certainly unrequited.

She remains quite passive as I take her hot feverish hand in mine, and even makes room for me to seat myself upon the sofa by her side, moving some of her fantastic draperies out of the way.

"Try and feel that I am your friend—that I am here on purpose to endeavor to help you," I whisper reassuringly. "Above all, do your best to recall where your father hid his money. Don't be afraid that I want to steal it. I would not defraud you of a penny of it for all the world; but, for the sake of your own peace, it ought to be found as quickly as possible. Tell me, did you discover by accident where he kept it, or did your father tell you——"

Before I can complete my sentence she interrupts me with a cackling silly laugh.

"He tell me? Tell me where he put it? Oh, you are a fool—a poor silly fool! That's what they call me, you know—a poor silly fool! What's the use of hiding a thing, and telling—ha, ha, ha!—and telling where you've put it?"

Here she goes off into another peal of weak laughter. "Why, it's like the children! Even I know better than that. I used to play hide-and-seek once in the old garden, but that's long ago—long, long ago"—dropping her head upon her breast in sudden dejection.

"Yes, yes, but that was when you were a child, before the money was hidden?" I exclaim, eager to keep the poor wandering mind to the point. "Your father did not hide it always, surely? I thought it was only after he grew angry with some one, and wanted to prevent their finding it after his death. Was not that so? With whom was he angry? Was it you, or—or ——"

I pause breathless, anxious to discover whether my companion's memory serves her at all or is indeed quite a blank.

Just then a flash of lightning illumines the dim shadowy room in which we sit, and a peal of thunder growls angrily in the distance. In her nervous terror, poor Mrs. Hastings Aylmer buries her face in her shawl.

"Oh, I'm frightened! I'm always frightened when it thunders. It thundered when poor Jack ran away, and father cursed him. I can always hear father's voice in the thunder; and those dreadful words ——" She breaks off, moaning in her usual fashion.

"Then it was your brother Jack with whom your father was so angry?" I ask relentlessly. "But he did not hide his money then—did he?—not till long afterwards—not till he had collected it all together, put it into a box——"

"No—bags!" exclaims poor Mrs. Aylmer emphatically; and, tragic as is the situation, I can hardly refrain from smiling. Old Marlowe's money bags are not such a myth, it appears, after all. "The money is in bags, I tell you—dirty leather bags, tied with pink tape—and he hid them—hid them——"

"Yes, he hid them? Oh, do try to think! He hid them——"

Again I paused with a fast beating heart, hardly daring to breathe lest I should disturb the current of my companion's half-collected thoughts; and again the lightning flashes, the thunder rolls, nearer now, among the surrounding hills.

As the sound dies away once more, Mrs. Aylmer suddenly raises her head, one hand held up in a listening attitude.

"Hark!" she says in a curiously expectant whisper that somewhat thrills me from head to foot. "Hush! I hear him! He is going there now! If we follow we shall see. Come—come!"

My tongue actually cleaves to the roof of my mouth as the madwoman rises suddenly erect and vigorous from her sofa and, with a stealthy gliding motion, advances towards the drawing room door, compelling me by sheer force to accompany her.

Undeniably, I am intensely frightened; and my fear increases as, on softly turning the handle of the drawing room door and stepping out into the hall, I fancy I too can detect the sound that has so excited her—the faint echo of footsteps gradually dying away in the distant part of the house; but to shake off my companion's vice like grasp is manifestly beyond my power; her claw-like fingers cling relentlessly to mine.

There is plainly nothing for it but to follow whither she leads, across the shadowy hall, and down a long dreary half-dark stone passage communicating with the servants' offices and having small cell-like rooms on either side—the sleeping apartments of the monks in days gone by.

"Hush!" says Mrs. Aylmer again. "Hark——"

When we have traversed half the passage, she pauses suddenly, listening intently, yet never loosing her firm grip of my hand; and, for the second time, it seems to me that I too can detect the faint

echo of a footfall in front of us, a soft pit-pat, like the sound of some one walking in slippers that are down at heel.

"The garden-room!" says my companion in a hoarse whisper, tightening her hold upon my wrist until I am ready to shriek from the pain of the pressure.

"Of course it is the garden-room!" she repeats in a tone of decision. "Quick, quick, we must follow!"—gliding on, and dragging me after her.

The garden-room of which she speaks is an ugly extension of the house, built by some ancestor of Philip Marlowe's, who must have had more money than brains, and a fancy for spending it on bricks and mortar. The presence of the garden-room has always been a blot upon the sombre architectural beauty of the Priory, running out as it does from the east side of the house, and terminating half-way across the small fir-belted lawn, where there is a showy temple-like entrance, guarded by a couple of broken moss-grown statues, and having three shallow stone steps leading from the garden.

The building is in a mock Italian style absurdly at variance with its surroundings. Swing doors, originally covered with green baize, but now having only strips of it hanging from the rotting woodwork, cut off this specimen of bad taste from the rest of the house.

As we pass through these doors, a vivid flash of lightning illumines the dreary mouldering chamber so that we can see the rotting boards of the floor—which is stained here and there with dark red, the patches looking almost like blood-stains—and the clustering ivy that has forced itself through the dilapidated roof hanging in luxuriant wreaths from the broken ceiling. In the height of his foolishness, the Marlowe who designed this garden-temple introduced a heavy marble mantlepiece into the gimcrack erection; and, through the yawning cracks in the discolored stone numerous red and yellow fungi have forced themselves, harmonizing with the decay all around.

Meanwhile the storm has reached its height, and the pealing thunder followed closely upon flash after flash of vivid lightning caused the dilapidated structure in which we stand to vibrate terribly.

I can feel my companion trembling violently too, yet, strange to say, her purpose seems unshaken; the poor woman's wild staring blue eyes remain fixed intently upon some object unseen by me, but seemingly visible to her disordered fancy.

"Wait!" she mutters, suddenly releasing my hand for the first time since we left the drawing room. "He is there! Do you see him? Watch!"

Moving with the same stealthy, gliding motion as before, she leaves me, and steals along the wall on the right-hand side of the garden room.

Originally the place has been hung with an Italian paper of pale-green color, adorned at regular intervals with a pattern of huge white vases of antique form. In most places this design is wholly obliterated by age and damp, but here and there it still remains intact.

A horrible dread seizes me that Mrs. Aylmer has been struck with sudden blindness, for, as I stand watching her, I remark that she is feeling her way like a blind person along the wall. All at once she stops and utters a shrill scream.

"Here!" she cries, striking one of the pictured vases violently again and again with her hands. "It lies here, I tell you! He guards it still, but he cannot hide it any longer! Peter Marlowe's money lies here!"

Her voice, strained and unnatural, echoes strangely through the garden room; the veil falls back from her haggard face; her gray hair streams in wildest confusion over her bent shoulders. She might be posing as a model for some frenzied priestess of old denouncing the sins of an erring and unrepentant people.

At that moment there is a shrill whistle outside, then an awful crash of breaking glass and woodwork, followed by a horrible imprecation, as a dark figure—that of Mr. Hastings Aylmer—springs in through the shattered window.

Regardless of me and my scream of horror, Mr. Aylmer seizes his unhappy wife by her disordered hair, and forces her down upon her knees, dragging her head back with one hand while in the other he wields a thick heavy knotted stick.

The murderous weapon is raised to strike the upturned face. The madwoman's shrieks are appalling. I rush forward, heedless of consequences, to stay her assailant's hand, when oh, horror!—there comes a blinding flash of lightning, and a loud sound like the report of a cannon, as if the very heavens themselves were falling about our ears, while the place is filled with blinding dust, and the walls appear to be tumbling about our ears. Then follow a sense of suffocation—darkness—chaos.

CHAPTER VI.

"PUT your arms round my neck, darling—so. Don't be afraid! We shall have you out all safe in a minute."

It is Philip Marlowe's voice that I hear; and it is Philip Marlowe's face, all grim, and dirty, and white with plaster-dust, that I see within an inch of my own when I open my eyes on the world once more—the world I have been so nearly prevented from ever seeing again, for I have been actually buried alive for an hour or two, and they are digging me out—clearing away the heap of broken bricks, slates, huge pieces of plaster, and wood that fell upon me, and jammed me tightly in an angle of the wall when the thunderbolt struck the garden-room at the Priory, and brought down the marble mantelpiece, the chimney, and half the rotten old roof upon Mr. Hastings Aylmer, his unlucky wife, and myself.

I have received no injury, mercifully, beyond a sprained ankle and sundry scratches and bruises, and am so delighted to see Philip again, and to find he is no longer angry with me, that I really believe I should have put my arms around his neck even if he had not told me to do so.

"Your money is found at last—I have found it!" I manage to whisper into his ear as he carries me away from the heap of rubbish out of which he and Tom, with a couple of laborers to help them, have literally unearthed me, and places me gently upon the grass, which is saturated with the heavy rain that has hardly yet ceased falling; and he actually says, as if he really means it—

"The mischief take the money! What does that matter as long as you are all right?"

A crowd gathers around me as soon as I made my appearance on the scene—an excited crowd, talking, questioning, hustling, until I turn faint and dizzy, and lie with closed eyes, while Philip rushes off to find the Combe Royal fly, which appears to be somewhere close by, as is the whole population of the parish by this time.

Just as they are lifting me into the vehicle, something is carried past me on a stretcher, borne by the surgery boy, the rectory gardener, and two other men, but I cannot see what it is, for a black cloak covers it, and I am too weak and too selfishly content to be safe amongst my own people once more to inquire.

It is not till several days afterward that I have sufficiently recovered to learn all that happened at the Priory on that terrible evening.

Mrs. Aylmer is dead. She was the first person extricated from the debris caused by the thunderbolt striking the garden room. Death must have been the result of the passing of the electric fluid through a portion of her body, as one side was slightly blackened, and the clothing and hair were singed. Apparently it had been both an instantaneous and a painless end.

Mr. Hastings, who, it seems, has been known by half a dozen other names, lies at present in a ground-floor bed room at the Priory, mortally injured by the falling of a heavy piece of the shattered marble mantlepiece upon his spine.

The detective from Scotland Yard, who, with father and two hired nurses, is constantly with the injured man, says it is a fortunate thing that his days are numbered, as there are various charges standing against him, including a very serious one connected with an extensive jewel robbery with manslaughter, which must have ended in his being sentenced to penal servitude for many years.

It was this detective from Scotland Yard whom I conversed with at the Priory gates on the afternoon of the thunderstorm, and who then told me he was an architect, and had come down to survey the Priory preparatory to drawing plans for certain structural alterations which Mr. Philip Marlowe desired to have made. He was put upon our new neighbor's track by Philip himself, who, mistrusting the ways of his tenant at the Priory, went up to town to find out what he could of Mr. Aylmer's previous history, and discovered that no such person was known to exist, but that in many respects the man closely resembled a notorious thief, for whom the police were anxiously looking.

This is the substance of the confession the wretched man makes in the presence of witnesses when my father tells him he is near death.

Fifteen years ago he, a penniless adventurer, decoyed Rachel Marlowe away from her dreary home and married her.

The marriage took place in London, at some obscure church in the East End, and was a bona fide one, and registered in the man's own name, Robert Simpson, as he married Rachel solely for the money he expected her to inherit at old Marlowe's death.

The couple lived as they could, here, there, and everywhere, supported by Simpson's sharp wits and various dishonest gains, but often suffering great privations, until the death of old Marlowe, when the hue and cry for his missing money was raised.

For some reason or other Simpson and his wife were forced about that time to betake themselves to Boulogne, he having been agent to some bogus firm in London from which he had purloined all the money he could lay his hands on.

For some months he waited quietly, watching the daily papers, and expecting every day to hear that the whereabouts of his father-in-law's wealth had been discovered, in which event he was quite prepared to step forward boldly and claim his wife's share: but, as time passed on and the search seemed to have been abandoned, he, trusting to Rachael's repeated assurances that the whole of her father's money was hidden somewhere on the Priory premises, decided on the audacious plot of coming down to Combe Royal as a stranger, renting the house, which poor Philip had advertised to be let, and working secretly day and night until he discovered old Marlowe's hoard.

At the commencement there seemed every prospect of his plan being completely successful; but, unluckily for him, Rachel, his principal tool, failed him just at the most important moment.

Always weak-minded, the life she had led after her marriage had seriously affected her nerves and intellect, and the thought of returning as an invalid and in disguise to Combe Royal for the purpose of assisting her husband in defrauding her nephew Philip, whose name was, of course, familiar to her, although she had never seen him, unsettled her mind permanently.

She still remained harmless, but at times abandoned her usual brooding melancholy owing to paroxysms of excitement, during which she railed against her enforced seclusion, and threatened to escape and expose Aylmer's plot, unless some of her wishes and fancies were complied with.

On these occasions her husband was forced to give way to her, notably on the evening when she insisted on his sending to the Doctor for some mixture to induce sleep and afterwards, when she discovered that I had come over to the Priory to pay her a visit, demanded peremptorily that she should be allowed to see me.

As to the place chosen by her father to conceal his money, her mind had evidently been a complete blank from the day she returned to the Priory, in spite of threats and systematic ill-treatment on Aylmer's part with the object of refreshing her memory.

Recollection never returned to her until that strangely lucid interval when she led me to the exact spot where the missing hoard lay hid.

"And it is well for Aylmer, or rather for Simpson, as I suppose one should call the fellow, that the thunderbolt fell just in time to save him from adding the crime of murder to the list of sins that will stand to his account when he starts on the long journey for which your father says he must prepare in a few hours more" remarks Philip gravely, stroking my hair as he sits beside my couch.

"He would have killed that poor soul on the spot, in his wild fury at hearing her confide the secret he had tried so hard to discover to your keeping instead of his own, if the lightning had not struck the garden room and brought half the rotten roof down upon you all. The Fairacre picnic was broken up early owing to the storm, and Aylmer must have taken a short cut from the village, after leaving his dog cart at the Red Lion, and entered the Priory ground by the lower plantation instead of by the main entrance, passing the windows of the garden room on his way."

"Yes, yes; of course! I see it all now. And this is why poor Ali failed to warn me.

"Mr. Aylmer must have come by some other way.

"The boy did whistle, but too late. Oh, I wish you could find him! He ought to have his reward, poor little chap!" I say, pitifully, for Ali's disappearance from the scene on the night of the thunderstorm has caused everyone in Combe Royal a good deal of uneasiness.

Apparently the lad, a mere London waif, picked up starving in the streets by Aylmer, and willing to turn his hand to any villany for the sake of board and lodging, has vanished.

Even the terrible theory that his body lay buried beneath the ruins of the garden room, in company with old Marlowe's money bags, proves baseless; for although the celebrated treasure is actually found in the precise place indicated—found, too, in the identical leather bags described by his ill-fated daughter, and brought to light in the sight of the entire population of Combe Royal, who shout themselves hoarse with delight at the notion of Mr. Marlowe's enjoying his own at last—no trace of my mysterious black or rather white, friend is discovered there, and gradually the search for him is abandoned, and his very name forgotten.

* * * * * *

A whole year has passed away. Events have crowded thick and fast upon one another.

The discovery of his grandfather's money has made Philip a rich man—far richer than in his wildest dreams he ever anticipated.

The Priory has been restored and refurnished from garret to cellar, and Philip and I have been married over three months.

It is a hot night in August. Circumstances have taken us up to town for a day or two, and we have improved the occasion by attending one of the promenade concerts at Covent garden usually given at this season.

As we step into our hired brougham and drive away from the great theatre, I become aware that someone is perched on the step of the carriage, and a familiar face, with a diabolical grin, is thrust close to mine, through the open window.

"Never 'ad that there 'arf skiv! Didn't blow on you neither, s'elp me!" whispers a well-known never-to-be-forgotten voice.

In a moment one of my hands is in my pocket and the other on the check-string.

"Oh, Philip, stop! Tell them to stop!" I cry frantically.

The horse is pulled back almost on to its haunches. Purse in hand, I leap out of the brougham window. Yes—he is there still, running close to the wheel, his grinning face plainly visible in the light of the carriage lamps, his existence actually imperilled by dodging in and out among the countless vehicles—carts, carriages, and cabs—passing and repassing in the crowded thoroughfare.

Somehow or other I contrive to drop the long promised half-sovereign into the boy's grimy claw. He throws it up into the air, catches it again, actually turns a catherine-wheel thrice among the rolling carriages, and, while I scream wildly that he will be killed—that he must be run over—disappears for ever in the crowd and the darkness.

[THE END.]

About Johannesburg.

BY R. H. S.

AFTER the seemingly endless dead level of monotonous veldt, with here and there in the far distance the low, whitewashed cottage of some Boer farmer twinkling in the hot sun, with never a tree or flower on the barren gray-brown flats to relieve the weary eye, as hundred after hundred of miles are slowly traversed on the way up, the sight that now bursts upon one appears doubly strange.

As far as the horizon, tall iron chimneys rise on all sides, with thick smoke pouring from their mouths; great mounds of whitish-looking clay and high piles of intricate machinery, all dotted over with small electric lamps, shining like glow-worms in the misty dawning light, are crowded together as far as the eye can see; and as we slowly wind in and out of these wonderful suburbs, I notice little tin shanties, here and there in clumps, then perhaps in straggling lines, in which the greater part of the mining population live.

The noise is tremendous; all the machinery is in full work, for neither by night or day does it ever stop. Hoisters are sending forth dismal wails, and the clang and crash of the ore, as it is thrown by the trucks that bring it from the mine below upon the huge heap awaiting the crushing process, resounds above the uproar.

As we get still closer to the city, however, the scene changes; beautiful houses

appear, surrounded by gardens one blaze of color, and broad shady roads, lined with stately "blue-gum" trees, stretch away into the distance.

The station gives one a distinct shock, for instead of the palatial edifice there appears a barn like structure, composed of corrugated iron, to which all the passengers who are not arrivals for the first time are madly rushing, conveying in their arms as much of their personal luggage as they can possible stagger under.

We hastily follow suit, and, after a wearisome period of waiting, and a prolonged wrangle with a nondescript individual in a porter's jacket, who insists upon the smallest handbag being opened for his inspection—for this is the "Customs"—we are at length free to depart and search for the hotel beneath whose sheltering roof we may once more transform ourselves into respectable members of society.

Far easier said than done, however, for from pillar to post we are driven in a rickety Cape cart, drawn by two miserable sprews, everywhere met by the same answer, "Not a room of any sort vacant."

At last, we are taken in with an air of the greatest condescension by the largest hotel in the town, and installed in a tiny cubicle close under the roof (for this room alone, by the way, with board, we pay $150 a month).

The heat is already stifling, although it is quite early, and there is no room to move, let alone "swing a cat"; but, for all that, as some fellow-passengers come in, and are unceremoniously turned away, we feel thankful to have found a resting-place for our weary selves, of any description.

After a short sojurn in Johannesburgh many things that at first appear inexplicable to the new-comer become easy of comprehension; the utter independence, for instance, amounting in most cases to absolute incivility, of every person of the lower class, whether white or colored, at first is astonishing; but when it is discovered that for every servant there are a dozen mistresses, ready and willing to give enormous wages for absolutely unskilled labor, and thankful to have anyone at all to do the rough work of their houses for them, then the reason is sufficiently apparent.

The hotels treat all visitors with absolute indifference, and the charges are exorbitant. There is no attendance to be had, except at meal times, and any complaint is of no avail whatever; there are always people waiting anxiously to come in directly a room is vacated, therefore it is no wonder that enormous sums are amassed, and that the lucky proprietors of these hotels retire after a few years' sojourn on the "Rand" with fortunes made.

The prices of most articles of consumption are high, and, when there is a drought, which happens often for many months at a time, all market garden and farm produce fetches fabulous amounts. I have seen cabbage sold for $2 50 apiece, eggs are often $2.25 a dozen, and butter $1.75 a pound.

These, it must be understood, are considered high prices, but are cheerfully paid by the wealthy portion of the population, which in most cases consists of men and women originally sprung from the humblest grades of life.

The want of water, however, can never reach the pitch again that it did six years ago, before the railway was an accomplished fact. Then the case of the inhabitants was grievous indeed, for the transport wagons were unable to bring provisions, owing to the want of food for the oxen along the route, and the state of affairs resembled a siege.

Condensed milk was sold at 75 cents a tin, paraffine $5.00 a small tin, and horses were turned loose in the streets by their owners to live if they could, no forage being procurable for love or money.

At the present time, no rain to speak of has fallen for nearly six months, and a very uncomfortable state of affairs prevails.

The hotels cannot use the electric light, which is the usual illuminating agent in the town, owing to the lack of water wherewith to work the engines, and dismal candles, stuck in empty beer bottles, send feeble glimmers at the ends of long corridors through the darkness, and ineffectually strive to illuminate the wide hotel staircases.

Baths are remembered as a luxury of bygone days, and business men in town are washing their hands, before going in to lunch, in soda-water at 25 cents a bottle.

One extra cleanly man of my acquaintance is surmounting the bath difficulty by having a morning tub of four bottles of soda-water carefully dribbled over him by a Kaffir boy, the while he rubs it in with a sponge; but, unfortunately, not all of us can afford $1.00 a day for a bath.

Pritchard Street, the Broadway of Johannesburg, conveys to the mind no feeling whatever of being in a foreign country; splendid shops line it on either side, mostly of the kind dear to the feminine soul; beautiful garments fresh from Paris are displayed in costly profusion in the windows, and well turned-out Victorias, with coachmen and footmen in elaborate liveries, throng the roadway.

There are restaurants, where any delicacy can be obtained; tea shops, thronged at the fashionable hour in the afternoon with ladies and children beautifully dressed; huge jewelry windows, blazing with costly gems—in short, everything that civilization can supply or demand is to be found here.

In Commissioner Street the sight, in its way, is just as marvellous; thousands of business men rush hurriedly up or down the long street of stately buildings, talking always of stocks and shares, their faces betraying the intensity of their thoughts on this, the sole and all-absorbing topic of Johannesburg.

"Between the chains"—about half way down the street is, on days when the market is booming, a fighting, yelling yelling mass of humanity, each trying to outshout his neighbor. This place, being just outside the Stock Exchange, is the spot at which the outside brokers and small fry generally congregate.

It consists of a small street, leading out of Commissioner Street, with posts and chains across each end to prevent traffic. From 9 in the morning until about 6 in the evening this pandemonium reigns, and then gives place to a stream of people on pleasure bent, wending their way to one of the theatres or music halls.

The population is an exceedingly mixed one. In the course of a walk through one of the streets there will probably be encountered types of every race under the sun; and there abides here an enormous colony of the vilest and most depraved specimens of humanity possible to find; men who will not hesitate to rob and murder at the first opportunity—the riff-raff from every clime, gathered together in the noisome slums that abound on every side.

A drive on a fine afternoon through one of the suburbs, in which the wealthy people of Johannesburg dwell, is a delightful change from the dusty and arid business centre.

On every side, seen through bowers of roses and vivid green hedges of honeysuckle, rise magnificent houses, some of them of enormous size, with ball-rooms and billiard-rooms adjoining the main buildings.

Fountains play on the fresh green lawns, beds of brilliant flowers and sweet scents are everywhere, and, seeing all this, it is almost impossible to realise that, less than five years ago, there existed a barren and stony waste of veldt on the very places upon which these fairy palaces of to-day arise.

Trees of all kinds grow with marvellous rapidity, and it is owing to this fact that the gardens and plantations present the matured effect of many years that is so astonishing.

"Society," as represented in Johannesburg, is of a decidedly unique description. Without doubt there are highly educated and altogether charming people among the residents, both men and women; but they belong, with few exceptions, to the professional classes—clergymen, physicians and lawyers, who have left their native lands and come here, attracted by the prospect of a larger scope for the exercise of their various callings.

The elite, the mine-owners, and original possessors of land—all millionaires, many times over—taking them collectively, hardly display those qualities which "stamp the rank of Vere de Vere."

The women are vulgar and illiterate, with dyed hair and artificial complexions; they wear outrageously loud toilettes, and are plastered with diamonds at all hours.

Most of them are former members of theatricals touring companies, barmaids, or shopgirls, and they are to be seen all day long driving about the streets in their gorgeous carriages.

The men are principally of the pronounced Hebrew type, loud in manners and dress, ostentatiously drinking champagne at a pound the bottle, at all hours of the day, and causing the beholder to reflect upon the quotation from the "Lady Slavey": "Can I not do as I like? Am I not a millionaire?"

The balls given by the elite are of the most sumptuous description; flowers for decoration are procured from all parts of Cape Colony, and many hundreds are spent over one evening's entertainment.

The suppers comprise every delicacy that could be had in England—game, fish, etc., being sent out in the cool-air chambers of the mail steamers for the purpose.

The cost of a fancy ball recently given amounted to over $15,000. A plush curtain specially made and used for the one evening to hide an unsightly archway, costing over $750.

It is impossible, unless possessed of considerable means, to live with comfort in a private house in Johannesburg; rents are in proportion to all other prices asked—enormous. It is difficult for white workingmen engaged on the mines to obtain a single room in a shanty under a rental of $20 a month at the very least, while a small villa of five rooms, built of corrugated iron, will easily let at $60 a month, and from $250 to $500 a month is cheerfully paid for a furnished house, such as one would obtain in England for $15 a week at the seaside.

Servants' wages are also very high. A raw Kaffir girl will receive $20 a month, knowing absolutely nothing, and speaking only Kaffir. A Cape—that is half colored—girl, who can cook a little, will easily command $35 a month, while a white girl, respectable and honest, can ask almost any price if she will come as nurse or lady's maid, and will gladly be taught all her duties.

Although the Dutch element is all powerful where Government offices are concerned, employing none but Dutchmen for the police, Post Office clerks, etc., and issuing all public notices in Dutch, yet of Johannesburg's population the Dutch average only about fifteen per cent. The slowness and stupidity of the officials in every department is constantly inveighed against in the local papers, but naturally, while "Oom Paul" reigns omnipotent, to little purpose.

The town is spreading daily, houses are being built in all directions, and land goes up in price by leaps and bounds. A plot purchased for, say, seven hundred and fifty dollars will, in three months' time, probably be worth double that amount.

By every train a crowd of new-comers flock to the town, and although there are dozens of hotels large and small, most of them are extending their premises, it is a matter of great difficulty to obtain a lodging.

Business men, with offices in town, are constantly entreated by newly arrived acquaintances to allow them to sleep on the floor until they can find a place to take them in.

Many a boy is only too glad, after a few months of disheartening attempts to obtain employment, with starvation staring him in the face, to accept the first work that offers itself. I know many instances of boys 20 or thereabouts, sons of people at home in high positions, too proud to write asking for assistance, and working as barmen, waiters, night porters at hotels, in fact, at anything that will provide them with a temporary shelter and food.

In a word, Johannesburg, when the glamour that envelopes it to those who view it from afar off is dispelled, is a place that few who are not obliged would choose to live in permanently. The population is restless, unsettled and constantly changing, and that percentage of the inhabitants who cannot leave, exist in the hope of one day making their fortunes and going home.

Not "Mountains High."—There are few things of which more exaggerated stories are told by people who honestly mean to speak only the truth than about the height of ocean waves.

The excitement attending a storm at sea is so great that even the coolest observer is apt to lose his power of accurate judgment, and the waves amid which his ship is tossing and plunging impress his imagination as if they were really "mountains high."

As a matter of fact, it is very rare for waves even in a furious storm, to exceed thirty feet in height. In exceptional tempests they may reach sixty feet.

Doctor Schott, a German savant, finds that in the trade winds the waves average only five or six feet in height.

The harder the wind blows, the faster the waves run and the steeper they become; yet they are never as steep as they seem to be.

In an ordinary wind the slope of a wave is about one foot in thirty three; in a storm it becomes one foot in seventeen or eighteen.

The expression of great steepness that the waves give to one in a small boat is due to the swiftness of their passage. Only a few seconds elapse while the boat is being lifted from the trough to the crest of a wave several hundred feet in length.

Bric-a-Brac.

Parrots.—The forms of the tongues of parrots most closely resembles that of man, hence they are able to imitate his language more nearly than any other bird.

Moles.—A mole's eyes are believed to give the animal nothing more than an impression of light, which is probably painful, or, at least, annoying, the sensation prompting the creature at once to burrow into the earth and escape the annoyance.

The Smallest.—What are probably the smallest Bible and Testament in the world have just been issued by a Glasgow firm. The testament is three quarters of an inch long and one-half an inch wide. The Bible 1¾ inches long and 1¼ inches wide, and it contains 930 pages.

In Japan.—A Japanese book begins where ours ends, and consequently, when we read a book, we turn the leaves from right to left; but the Japanese are forced to turn them from left to right. We make our references at the bottom of the page; the Japanese place them at the top.

Great Men.—As an instance of the peculiarities of great men, it is curious to learn that Haydn could not compose well, or to his own satisfaction, unless he had first put on his best suit of clothes and had powdered his hair. Even then ideas and subjects failed him unless he was also wearing a diamond ring presented to him by Frederick II., King of Prussia.

Invitations.—The Chinese send three invitations to the guests that they desire to see at their great feasts. The first is dispatched two days before the feast; the second on the day itself, in order to remind those they have invited of their engagement; and the third just before the hour has struck, so as to show how impatient they are to see their friends arrive.

The Chameleon.—The chameleon has a great capability of changing color, perhaps greater than that of any other reptile. But it does not, as a rule, assume the color of the object upon which it is resting. That the chameleon becomes blue in color when among blue flowers, and brilliant scarlet in color when surrounded by brilliant scarlet flowers, is certainly not the case. The coloring of the chameleon is chiefly controlled by its passions, such as fear, anger, and pleasure. It very seldom assumes the exact color of the object upon which it is resting. It does so indeed sometimes, but more by accident than by intention. Nor can it conceal its emotions; for example, no sooner does it experience fear than it proclaims that emotion by a change in the coloring of its body.

Without Pain.—It is comforting that in extreme cases of bodily harm men suffer much less than is commonly supposed. Rustem Pasha, the present Turkish Ambassador at St. James's was once attacked by a bear, which tore off part of one hand and arm. He affirmed afterwards that he felt no sense of fear or pain. "What occupied his mind," he says, "was a feeling of anger; because the bear grunted with so much satisfaction." Sir Edward Bradford, the Chief Commissioner of the London Police, bears similar testimony. He was closed by a tiger, which held him with one paw, and then devoured the whole of his arm. He believes he felt a little pain when the teeth went through his hand but is certain that he felt none while the tiger was munching his arm.

D'Oyley.—The word "d'oyley" is used constantly, and yet few know the quaint story of its origin. In the time of William the Norman Robert D'Oyley was one of his followers, and valuable lands were granted him upon a curious condition. Each year at the Feast of St. Michael he was to "make tender of a linen table-cloth worth three English shillings." As they went to royalty, the ladies of the D'Oyley family took great pride in embroidering these "quit-rent cloths," as they were termed, and in consequence an art needlework collection of great beauty was accumulated by these annual tributes. They did service for state occasions in William the Norman's household, and very naturally were called the "D'Oyley linen." As signifying beauty and value, the word was easily applied to napkins either by the shrewdness of the trade or whim of fancy. The little history settles the orthography of the much-abused word as simply "d'oyley."

A coop definition of a "Pharisee" is "a tradesman who uses long prayers and short weights;" of a humbug, "one who agrees with everybody," and of a tyrant, "the other version of somebody's hero."

REMEMBRANCE.

BY G. S. H.

Oh, the old elm tree that stood down in the dell,
How fresh in my memory its image doth dwell!
For the dearest of objects on earth was to me
In the days of my childhood that old elm tree.

How oft would the merry song echo and ring,
As over the clear brook on its branches we'd swing!
Or with hearts light as air, and limbs young and free,
We clamber'd the boughs of the old elm tree!

Long years have flown by, 'mid sorrow and care,
And the sweet friends of youth have vanish'd for e'er;
Yet still, midst the gloom that surrounds me, I see,
Like a bright gleam of sunshine, the old elm tree.

A WAR WITH FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FATAL MOMENT," "A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION," "WRECKED," "THE FRUITS OF A CRIME," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(CONTINUED.)

AGAIN there was a pause; and then came the inquiry, in a suppressed whisper—

"Is that you, missus?"

"Yes," answered Thir, with the slightest hesitation. She was going through with it now, she was telling herself resolutely; and, speaking in imitation of the other's cautiously lowered tones, she added, "How are you? Your cough seems terribly bad!"

"It never stopped the night through," responded the voice inside. "It's nearly finished me, I think. Let me out for a breath of air!"

"I haven't the key," said Thir, still whispering. Her heart was beating violently, but she clenched her hands and tried not to notice it. This was the man she was in search of, and she would get speech of him or die in the attempt. "I haven't the key. What shall I do? Shall I knock the clasp off?"

"Have—they—been yet?" came the cautious query from within.

This was a poser. "They," from the significant accent, certainly meant some one of the greatest importance. But there was no time for thought, and, after a moment's hesitation, she answered—

"Yes."—"And gone again?"

"Yes," she responded, becoming reckless.

"Then smash the clasp. Another hour of this charnel house will send me mad!"

Thir looked about her for a suitable stone, and, selecting one as heavy as she could lift, began to batter away at the heap with might and main.

After two minutes' hard work, first knocking it up, then down, she had so bent and twisted it that she thought, with a little force, it would give way.

"Stand away," she called out—"I'm coming!" and, hurling her full weight, stone and all, against the door, it broke away, and she went stumbling forward into the darkness, with her hat off and both hands stretched out in front of her, until she fell against the opposite wall with a jerk. Then she turned towards the open door, and there followed, as on former occasions when those two had met, a shrill shriek of terror, a passionate terrified ejaculation, a smothered moan, and silence.

Presently Thir heard hard stertorous breathing and deep groans behind the door. Gazing intently into the darkness, assisted by a ray of sunlight which shone through the crack at the hinges of the door, she saw a man lying on the bare earthen floor, his shoulders in the angle of the two walls and his head drooping forward on his chest.

This time she did not run away for assistance. Exerting her full strength, she dragged the man forward until he lay at full length on the ground; then she loosened the handkerchief at his throat, and, remembering a little rill which she had noticed trickling down the steep face of the quarry at the farther end, she ran off, saturated her own handkerchief, filled his cap and her own, and managed to get back with sufficient water to moisten his lips and his hot throbbing temples.

The fit was over when she returned, and he was lying, limp and still, where she had left him. The ray of sunlight had travelled up to his face and lay across his cheek and brow.

His dazed eyes were open, though there was as yet little intelligence in their weary vacant wanderings. She raised his head upon her lap, squeezed a few drops of water from her handkerchief between his discolored lips, and laid her cool hand upon his burning brow.

She had no longer the faintest fear or thought for herself; her whole energy was bent upon doing what she could to lessen this poor creature's suffering.

And so she sat there, with his head upon her lap, murmuring sympathetic words in his ears and now and again touching his shaking hands with a reassuring movement, until the shivering became less violent and he lay more quiet.

Outside the lark was still singing in the brilliant sunshine; and presently the breeze shook a little shower of rainbow-hued raindrops from where they had hung along the eaves, and sent them scudding into the gloom from the open doorway.

Shortly the man's weak voice broke the silence.

"It is really you, then, Nelly? You need not hide from me now, my girl. Spirit, or flesh or blood, it makes very little difference now, I think. I've signed on for my last voyage, my little lass, and nothing here seems to matter much any longer. Move so that I can see your face, Nelly; it won't turn me topsy-turvy again, never you fear!"

She put her hand lightly upon his forehead; and he seized it with a wistful clinging eagerness she understood at once.

"Yes—I'll come," she said gently. "But I want you to understand first that it is not really 'Nelly;' it is only somebody who is very like her. My name is 'Bright—Thirza Bright;' and everybody about here says how much I am like that poor Ellen Bardell!"

"Not Nelly," he muttered incredulously, as he turned his eyes wonderingly upon her face—"not Nelly? No—I can see now it is not Nelly! And yet how like her you are—how like! How strange that there should be a girl so much like her left behind to—to haunt me as you have done! Good people would say it was all of God's ordering. Perhaps it is. Who can say?"

And Thir could only repeat reverently—

"Who can say indeed? His ways are not our ways."

Then there fell a silence between them, during which he studied her face intently, with an attention which seemed to be wrung from him in spite of his weakness.

"You were expecting somebody else," she said presently, feeling that he ought to have other assistance and yet not liking to leave him. "Shall I stay with you until they come, or shall I go and fetch help to you at once?"

"No—don't go," he muttered—"don't go yet, at any rate! I—I want to tell you all about it while I've got the strength. I should like to tell you before those others come, if I could, because they won't let me talk about it. They think it's my madness that makes me think I did it; but it's not—it's true enough! I killed her!

"I was mad with drink and jealousy, if you like, but not so mad that I can't remember that I did it! She drove me beside myself with her jeerings; and, when she turned her back on me and said she wouldn't stay any longer with a drunken brute who couldn't keep a civil tongue in his head, I just hit out at her head and sent her down like a ninepin! And then, at the sight of her white face lying there so still, Satan got hold of me, and I picked up a lump of stone and—and—— You know the rest."

At the ghastly recital Thir shuddered in spite of herself—as much perhaps at his emotionless way of telling it as at the horror of the story itself. The man felt the shudder, and explained.

"It didn't hurt her," he said quietly—"I've always been glad since to remember that it didn't hurt her; she was senseless with the blow from my fist, and she never made a moan or a sound! So I carried her behind this hut here, and walked away a good step up the hill, glad to think that I had done with her for good. But, when I'd gone a good distance, and sat down to think a bit, I began to fancy it was all a dream; and I tramped all the way back again to set my mind at rest one way or the other, and found her there sure enough. And this time I took a little wisp of a silk handkerchief off her neck and carried it away with me, just to prevent me from having any more doubt on the subject. And I climbed up the hill again, and crept under a bush out of the moonlight, and slept till the middle of the next day. And then—and then—— Well, then I began to understand what I had done. But I ain't going to bother you with that; that's a part of the business that rests between me and the God who made me!"

Thir made no reply; she sat, with clasped hands and bent head, watching his white face, on which remorse had so plainly set its seal.

"Since I've been sober, I didn't think I was ever going to say a word about this again," he continued presently. "But we never know what we'll do at the end till it comes; and I think I shall go out of the world more comfortably at having made a clean breast of it to somebody who believes it. She—the parson's daughter—put no faith in the tale—thought it was all raving and rubbish! But you believe it—don't you?"

"Yes—I believe it!" replied Thir promptly.

So Dora had known this all the while, then! But she put away the hard thoughts which came crowding into her mind, because she felt this was no time for anger or passionate indignation against any one. Was this poor sinner so near his end as his words implied? How heartless the lark's song outside sounded! She wished the bird would be still for a while.

"If it has comforted you to tell me all this," she said, pressing the damp handkerchief tenderly over his forehead, "don't you think it would comfort you more to tell it to a clergyman?"

"No," he replied; "you're as good as a clergyman, I know. It'll do very well as it is."

"But," she began again, afraid of being selfish, and yet desperately anxious to have this dreadful business cleared up, "somebody else has been suspected of this—terrible business; won't you set things straight by making a formal confession before—before——"

"Before I clear for eternity!" he interposed, as she hesitated. "Well, it must be soon, then, for I've got my sailing orders, and this time with owners who ain't likely to stand any delay."

He smiled at his own touch of humor. "Death & Co., don't listen to excuses: when you're once on their books, there's no skulking! I'm sorry," he added, after another pause, "that Nelly's death has been laid to any one else's door—real sorry! He wasn't charged right out with it, was he? I didn't see anything about it."

"No—he was not charged," replied Thir; "but he was seen here that same night, and it has caused him a lot of misery."

"Well, I'll tell the tale to anybody you like, then. Only you'll have to be quick. These nights in the cold and the hunger have hurried up the end—I can feel that. But I'd rather have it so than go back to that place—ay, over and over again!"

It seemed cruel to leave him there, lying on the bare floor, without even a pillow for his head; but the thought that she could bring him some comforts relieved her in some degree from the feeling of selfishness of which she was so ashamed.

She put her cloak over him, and wrapped the wet handkerchief around his head, and then she started at a break-neck pace down the hill to the Rectory, thinking, as she hurried along, how that part of Quilter's Common was always associated in her mind with disaster and horror.

When Thir reached the Rectory, although even now it was barely half past ten, she found Dora, looking more pinched and haggard than ever, sitting in the hall, with her out-door things on, ready for making. As Thir ran breathlessly in at the gate and saw Dora waiting there, she wondered whether the Rector's daughter was contemplating a walk to the quarry.

"The Rector!" she panted, as she reached the foot of the steps and Dora came out of the doorway to meet her. "Is he in?"

But Miss Valland did not give a direct reply. She glanced up and down the road before she answered with another question.

"What is it? Who wants him?" she asked. "He has an appointment at home this morning. He will not go out unless it is something very important indeed."

"It is very important!" cried Thir impatiently. "Up at the quarry there the murder of Ellen Bardell is lying dying; and he wants to confess before——"

Dora broke out into a harsh discordant peal of laughter—laughter which had something so unnatural and cruel in its ring that Thir stopped in sudden dismay.

"Has the poor wretch been telling you that story?" she asked, with an air of contemptuous pity, which seemed to accentuate rather than conceal the desperate fear in her eyes. "Why, he is a wandering maniac! Even now I am expecting the people from the asylum to fetch him away!"

Thir turned pale with passionate indignation.

"Then it was you who locked him in there," she said—"you, the angel of goodness, the personification of tender mercy, who shut a dying man in that hut on the cold hill-side, to pass a night without fire or wrap, and with nothing but the bare earth to lie upon! Dora Valland, I would not care to be the keeper of your conscience! Move away, please, and let me go to the Rector; I shall forget my manners if I have much more of your company while I'm in my present temper!"

"The Rector has an appointment, I tell you," Dora persisted, standing in the doorway, as pale and as rigid as a marble statue—"an appointment which is certainly too important to be broken for such a cause as this! I will come with you and see this——"

"Do you mean that you won't let me see your father?" exclaimed Thir. "Say it right out square—'Yes' or 'no!'"

"I mean that I can't have him disturbed for such a cause."

For a moment they stood face to face, silent, both deathly pale. Then Thir turned and ran swiftly round by the side of the house.

Dora Valland, taken by surprise, waited a moment, as if stupified. Then she too ran down the steps, following Thir.

Thir was on the gravel walk before the Rector's study window, picking up handfuls of pebbles and flinging them with no gentle hand at the plate glass.

For a moment Dora stood irresolute, then hearing the window thrown up and her father's voice, without a moment's pause she turned passed swiftly out at the gate and along the road in the direction of the quarry.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MR. VALLAND was not accustomed to being hurried. More especially since the advent of his brisk young curate he had dropped into the habit of taking things leisurely; and now, with the best will in the world to oblige his old favorite, it was some few minutes before he got his walking boots on and assumed the guise of clerical respectability indispensable for an out-of-door expedition in his own parish. Then there was a note to be written and dispatched to the doctor's which also took time.

During those few minutes Thir busied herself in collecting what few things they could carry for the comfort of the poor fellow in the quarry—a pillow, a large rug, a flask of brandy, and a large bottle of soup.

When at last Mr. Valland was ready and they had proceeded some little distance, they were stopped by a whistle from behind, and, looking round, they saw Tryan Cambray hurrying after them.

"To be sure," exclaimed the Rector—"I had forgotten all about Tryan's appointment in this excitement! And, by-the-bye, what became of Dora, my dear? I saw no sign of her while I was getting ready."

"I think," said Thir doubtfully, "that she has gone on before us."

"Oh, you saw her then? Then how was it that you had to come round to my study window?"

Luckily for Thir's self-possession no reply was needed to this question, for Tryan came up at that moment, and in his eager inquiries the rector's query was forgotten.

"What is it all about?" inquired Tryan, as he relieved Thir of her bundle. "Ursula was all in a fog. Somebody was dying in the old hut up at the quarry, she said; but she knew nothing beyond the bare fact."

"It is a most wonderful story!" said Thir, inexpressibly comforted by Tryan's presence. "The poor man who is dying up there is the man who killed that girl last July!"

"What—Thir! Do you mean it? How do you know?"

"He told me himself, half an hour ago."

"Told you? Good heavens, Thir, were you there with him? What were you doing up there?"

"That is too long a story to tell you now. It began the day before yesterday, with a story Major Darncombe told me about a reputed madman who was in the asylum at Frappeley, and who declared he had killed Ellen Bardell. I will tell you all about it some other time, when you can listen properly."

"And you think he really did it?" said Tryan, with the voice and manner of one who was afraid to believe so good a thing. "You really believe he did it? Heaven above—to think of its coming out after all this time! And to think of his coming there to die, of all places in the world!"

"Yes—that is wonderful!" assented the Rector. "And it is wonderful, too, that it should have been Miss Bright who found him there, and no one else, for it seems that it was her likeness to the dead girl which wrung the confession from the unhappy man."

"No—it is not wonderful that I was there," declared Thir, shaking her head; "but I can't explain the how and the why of it all just now. I am so afraid we shall lose time if we talk much; and who knows what may happen before we get to him! Tryan, would you mind going on? You will be there sooner than we shall. Give him the brandy flask, Mr. Valland. And, Tryan, be sure you make him understand you are not from the asylum—he is so afraid they will drag him back there."

He needed no second bidding, but strode on quietly; and Thir, accommodating her steps to the Rector's less active pace, watched him lovingly as he swung along over the level ground and sprang up the hill before them.

When he reached the hut, he found the door closed; but, seeing the smashed hasp still hanging on the padlock, he pushed the door slightly, expecting it to yield.

To his surprise it held, and it needed some slight exertion on his part to move it. When he had at last got it open wide enough to look inside, with one strong push of his shoulder the door went back on its hinges, and the next moment he was on his knees by the side of the almost unconscious man, from between whose blue lips blood was slowly flowing.

When, a few minutes later, he heard the footsteps of the others outside, he called out to the Rector not to bring Miss Bright in.

"Come yourself, and bring the pillow," he said; "but she can do no good here—in fact, we can do much better without her."

Thir felt rebellious for a moment; but, after a glance through the open door, she yielded, and sat down to wait outside. She knew that in sickness Tryan was as good as any hospital nurse. Had she not heard again and again how tenderly and gently he had nursed his father? She was near enough to the door of the hut to hear the murmur of the voices within.

At first the Rector and Tryan were evidently too busy doing what they could for the poor fellow's comfort to exchange many remarks; but presently the conversation grew less disjointed, and, from the scraps she overheard, she gathered that the man was telling the story of his crime, just as he had told it to her.

To Thir, in her anxiety to be of some use, her enforced inactivity was almost intolerable; as she began to grow more calm, she remembered how Dora had started off in the direction of the quarry, and wondered where she had disappeared.

But she soon ceased to trouble herself about Dora Valland's whereabouts, for gradually a change was taking place in the conversation inside the hut; the dying man's voice was becoming louder, more vigorous, and almost angry.

"I promised her I would tell you the whole story from beginning to end, and I've done it! When that other one asked me not to speak, I told her I meant to keep my word, and I've done it! She said she wasn't Nelly—said she was only somebody else very like her. But do you think I was likely to be deceived in such a thing as that—do you?"

"No, no—of course not!" answered the Rector, with prompt personalveness; and from his manner Thir gathered that the patient was again wandering in his mind.

"The other one wanted me to promise to hold my tongue when you came," he went on impetuously, growing more angry as he proceeded; "but I told her I wouldn't break my word to Nelly, not if every parson's daughter in the length and breadth of the kingdom went on her knees to ask me! And then she got mad, and said things—things about Nelly; and—and I took her by the throat as she leaned over me and gave her a bit of a shake! She was quiet after that—and so was I," he added, with a faint touch of drollery.

"I wasn't just in the right temper to put any strain on myself, and getting in a rage like that gave this finishing touch to me, I expect. Well, I ain't sorry; I'd as soon make a quick finish of it now it's come! I'd like to see Nelly again, though," he went on, with another change of tone, dropping his voice until Thir could only gather the general sense of what he was saying; "I should like to have her hand in mine at the end."

Thir, hearing what the man said, and having nothing to distract her attention, found herself growing terribly anxious. Was there any truth in his words? Had he really had a violent scene with Dora Valland, or was it only in his imagination that he had taken her by the throat and given her "a bit of a shake!" Surely it was only another hallucination! If he really had done so, she would not have been in a position to make her escape before their arrival.

Thir glanced around her nervously, half expecting to see the figure of Dora Valland, in its long brown coat, lying, inert and helpless, among the debris of the stone pit.

She was still looking about her in an anxious manner when Tryan came to the door and gently called her.

"The end is near," he said, "and he wants to see you again; but"—he put his hand out as if to stop her as she made an impulsive movement towards him—"you shall not come unless you are sure you can stand it! The poor fellow has broken a blood-vessel—he is not at all a fit sight for you to see; and yet—it is his last wish—if you think it won't upset you."

"I am sure it won't," she answered, forcing back a sob and resolutely determining to go through with the matter courageously. "He has gone back to the idea that I am really that other poor girl again—hasn't he?"

"Yes; his mind is wandering." He glanced around as he spoke, and Thir saw by his eyes that he felt the same anxiety she was experiencing.

"Have you seen Dora this morning?" he asked. 'Of course she was not here with you the first time you saw this poor fellow?"

"No," said Thir quietly; "I was quite alone. May I go in, Tryan?"

He took her hand in his, and, holding it firmly, led her into the hut.

The dying man was lying gazing at the sky through the open door, drawing his breath spasmodically; and, slight as her experience was in such matters, she knew what the strange look in his face meant.

As his eyes met hers, they lighted up with a gleam of pleasure.

"I knew you'd come!" he said softly; and she knelt by his side and held his hand in a firm kind clasp. "You was never one to bear a grudge, with all your little faults and flighty ways! I knew you'd come!"

He lay still for a while, looking first at the blue cloud-flecked sky and then at her face, always with that pleased look of recognition in his eyes.

"I've got things a bit muddled some how," he said again presently—"my mind's in a bit of a tangle; but I know I've done you an awful wrong, Nelly, my little lass, as well as I know that you've forgiven me for it this long time past. You've known all the while how sorry I've been about it, haven't you? You've known how my heart has burned over the thought of what I'd done? Why, Nelly, I wanted to make a clean breast of it months ago, and that white-faced woman held me back. And she was here again just now, tempting me to die with my sin untold; but I flung her from me as I'd fling a mad dog!"

He stopped, panting; and Thir tried to soothe him and lead his thoughts to other things, but he gathered all his strength for an effort, and spoke out loud and strong.

"She tried to come between me and my repentance," he cried; "but I knew her for one of satin's workers, and I flung her there!" And he raised his head from the pillow and sank back again exhausted.

Startled by the sudden energy of his denunciation, Mr. Valland and Thir peered across to the other side of the hut.

"There is something there, Mr. Valland," said Thir, trembling—"something behind the door!"

In two strides the Rector was across the hut, and, moving the door, looked down at his daughter's white still face.

"Heaven help me!" he cried, in anguish, sinking upon his knees at her side. "It is my child—my only child—dead—dead! Tryan, is she dead?"

"This poor fellow is!" replied Tryan, throwing his handkerchief over the lifeless face and raising Thir from her knees. "Heaven forbid that he has gone out of life with fresh blood upon his hands!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MRS. Greenbury's first thought, when she heard of the terrible affair at the quarry, was that Muriel's wedding would have to be put off. But she waited a day or two before taking steps to postpone it, because she was anxious to avoid the delay, if it were possible to do so.

Captain Miller had had a little difficulty about getting leave; the bridesmaids' dresses were already out, and altogether a postponement was very undesirable. So the anxious mother waited a day or two to see how events would turn; and the matter was at last settled by Dora's sending a message, begging Mrs. Greenbury not to think of any postponement.

The message was brought by Mrs. Poplett, who was established as head nurse at Rectory. In the sharp struggle with death which followed upon the terrible scene with the dying sailor, Dora forgot all earthly prejudices and dislikes; and, when she recovered consciousness, and realised that it was Mrs. Poplett whose gentle touch and unceasing care had done so much to alleviate her sufferings, she put her hand out, and said, in a weak whisper—

"Forgive me everything!"

And Mrs. Poplett bent her pitying face over the white thin fingers, pressed her quivering lips to them in a close warm kiss of forgiveness, and kept them there until she was sure she was no longer showing any sign of emotion; for they had to be very careful in those early days of Dora's convalescence.

And so those two were friends at last.

The tragic incident at the quarry created intense excitement in the neighborhood. Everybody wanted to know how Miss Valland, in her delicate state of health, happened to be alone at the quarry.

This was sufficiently inexplicable, apart from her discovery of Ellen Bardell's murderer and his attack upon her close to the scene of his former crime.

It leaked out somehow that little Thirza Bright was mixed up in the shocking business; and for a whole week Dale Cottage was besieged by curious callers, eager to get to the bottom of the mystery.

But Thir and her aunts were equal to the occasion. They were deaf to hints and suggestions and innuendoes; and, when the callers ventured to ask pointed questions, the ladies at Dale Cottage smilingly shook their heads and referred the curious ones to the Rector.

Miss Gunter, in her great sympathy for Mr. Valland—who was utterly crushed by the discovery of his daughter's duplicity—was not content to be merely cautiously silent, but offered active resistance.

"You yourself know," she said to one of the most eager of the gossips, "what a stern sense of duty Dora Valland has always shown in her dealings with the poor. You know very well that she has never spared herself when there was any good work to be done among those who have fallen by the way. I don't see why this last sad venture should have created so much surprise in everybody's mind. The only wonder to me is that, in all her lonely wanderings, something of the kind has not happened before."

This judicious statement, in the absence of more definite information, gradually came to be accepted as the explanation of what had occurred; and Miss Valland's reputation stood higher than ever throughout the country-side.

In the meantime little Miss Bright was having a not altogether pleasant time. It was, of course, delightful to know that there was no longer any fear that Tryan's name would ever be connected with John Martin's crime; but, on the other hand, now that there was no longer any obstacle between them, why did he keep away from her as he was doing? And even if he did not care to come, why did he not write? Perhaps he might not have liked to call while Dora Valland lay at death's door; but surely he might have sent a tiny line in answer to her letter of congratulation!

But the days passed by without a sign from him; and her only comfort lay in the knowledge that she would see him at the wedding the following Saturday. Had it not been for that hope, she would have found it impossible to live through those dreary days without making some effort to set things right.

On the Friday, the day before the wedding, Mr. Valland called, and asked especially for Thir.

It was early in the day, and she was busy in the garden, building a garden-seat, after some special design of her own, when "Aunt Carry" came hurrying out to her, with the information that the Rector was in the diningroom and had asked to see her.

Thir's heart sank pitifully at the news.

"I know just what he has come for, auntie," she said, raising her flushed face from her task; "he has come to beg my pardon for all the harm poor Dora has done me and Tryan; and I wish, with all my heart, he just hadn't thought to do it at all! I wonder if he'd mind coming out here to me! It wouldn't be quite so awful as sitting over opposite him on one of those straight chairs listening to his poor, sad little speechifying. It won't be half so embarrassing for him either, because I can always drive in nails when he comes to any difficulty, and hammer away lustily until he is ready to go again."

If the messenger had been Miss Gunter, this unconventional arrangement would certainly have been vetoed; but Miss Carry understood the delicate sympathy which had suggested it, and consented immediately.

When the Rector appeared in the doorway, Thir dropped her hammer at once and ran up the path to meet him, pulling off her leather gardening-glove as she went.

"I was almost afraid you would not come," she called out; "and I've just struck dead in my work for a word of advice! You're the very person to help me, if you will! I thought of it the moment auntie told me you were here. Can you tell me why my 'uprights' always split when I've got my nails half-way in? Come and look at them!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISS MALAPROP AGAIN.—The misuse of words and expressions is not likely to diminish, in spite of the spread of education. Here are a few of the latest additions to the list of mistakes with which Mrs. Malaprop's name is indissolubly connected.

A lady at breakfast at an hotel was heard to ask for a "Fenian hammock" by which she was supposed to mean a Findon haddock, and as an alternative she suggested a "skipper on toast." Another who was at food with her neighbor met her at a friend's house, which she called "on mutual ground."

At a garden party a lady expressed herself perfectly delighted with a game of lawn tennis, and being at last a little wearied of the lawn and immediate surroundings of the house, she said she would go and explode (explore) down the road.

Many people are said to live in "surburbian" villas; but the most fortunate person was the possessor of a real "by Jove" sort of a place, which expression was intended to describe a perfect "bijou" residence.

An irritable old gentleman, much annoyed by the jests of a youth who would not leave him alone, called him a "grinning bamboo" a species no doubt closely related to the "bamboo monkey" of another person imperfectly posted in natural history.

Two good malapropisms are recorded with well-known foreign terms; one, when a man had been to the opera where he had heard the bella donna (for prima donna) singing delightfully; the other at a luncheon party where the guests were given pate de faux pas (for foie gras).

It is recorded of an old soldier (during the Crimean war) who had visited Kamiesch, the French headquarters, that he reported the cafes (for cafes) to be full of chasers of Africa, a literal translation, of course, of the expression Chasseurs d'Afrique.

An official who stood much on his dignity, once complained that he felt degraded because his "state" was not sufficiently recognised; in fact, he held himself on the qui vive against such slight, and declared that if his position was not improved, he would go away pro bono et semper for good and all. He had consulted with his friends, and they were u—animously of that opinion.

FAMOUS WHEN YOUNG.—Scott entered the realm of literature at twenty-five. At thirty-four he was the most popular poet of the day.

Byron's first poems appeared at nineteen. At twenty-four he had reached the highest pinnacle of his literary fame.

Burns' first volume was published at twenty-seven. At thirty critics acknowledged him to be the most richly endowed by nature of any living poet.

Napoleon at twenty-seven commanded the army in Italy; at thirty-five was Emperor; saw Waterloo at forty-six.

Tennyson at thirty-three took the high stand among the poets which he held till death.

Longfellow's first poetry was published at thirteen. At thirty-two he was ranked with the best American poets.

Washington was prominent at twenty-one. At forty-three he was Commander-in-Chief of the American army. At fifty-seven he was President.

SOME gleaners of human family statistics say that a man or woman of correct proportions is six times as high as his right foot is long.

AT TWILIGHT.

BY M. E. S.

Ah, woe is me for the golden hours
Of the summer noontide fair,
For the wild birds' song and the roses' breath
On the balmy summer air!
The sun goes down in the wintry west,
And the twilight shadows fall,
And the birds have fled and the rose is dead,
And the dusk is over all.

I listen in vain for a silv'ry voice
To ring on the quiet air,
I sigh for the patter of little feet
On the time-worn oaken stair;
And my heart is sad, and the hot tears rise
As I gaze o'er the gleaming snow
And long for the sight of a vision bright
That has faded long ago!

The Great Dream Mine.

BY H. N.

THERE were three of us on that prospecting job, Coolgardie Joseph, Forky Ben, and myself, whose name needn't be mentioned.

Forky Ben was a singular customer, of about fifty years of age, not bad as a mate, for he could cook well, and did not skirk his work, and was besides an entertaining companion, having seen a great deal of the shady side of the colonies, "done" various terms for misdeeds in the past, and yet was about as honest as one can expect to find on the gold fields nowadays.

He had started his colonial experiences as a convict, and having served his time, had likewise served his adopted country as a policeman, and won considerable reputation in the force. His bane had been his wife, who represented his evil genius in all his undertakings, until she left him, ruined, yet with a chance of doing for himself. We fell across Forky Ben when on the "Wallaby track," i. e., the tramp, and as he showed up gamely then, we had stuck together ever since, through good and bad luck.

Not much good luck hitherto, I must say, for although Westralia has gold enough, it is the rich man's country, and you know what that means; the men who can afford to fix up machinery will make the coin all right, but as for nuggets and alluvial mining, our show was not up to much, and we couldn't afford to play about the quartz.

I can tell you, though, I have seen that same quartz with the ore thick enough through it to make one's mouth water, and wish that quartz crushing machines didn't cost such a pile of money. I could lay my finger on spots of the map of Westralia where fortunes lie pocketed; there's been a boom on it, I have heard, in London since I left, but I can tell you the boom isn't big enough. Westralia won't disappoint its backers, so far as the ore is concerned at least.

For all that, it isn't quite the place to bring a young, blushing and delicately-nurtured bride to, yet, who may not have grown up to live on tinned sardines, condensed water, and such like luxuries exclusively. No, the bride mightn't like it much; besides, if she was a cleanly inclined girl she would be apt to pine after a bit of soap, which would ruin her husband, as water is too expensive to waste that way.

Yes, I'll tell the truth about the land as I know it. The water is about as expensive as the whisky, sometimes more so. The tinned meat isn't always to be depended upon, and there are a hundred other inconveniences to be endured that I needn't mention at present, only the gold is there all right, and other natural means of wealth yet to be utilised.

My mate, Forky Ben, was an old colonial; he had seen three generations growing up, and, as he said, each one seemed to be going back; "in fact, if the colonial goes on growing much more legs and don't develop a little body, the country will be to let in another twenty years."

Forky was great on this point as to the decadence of the colonials. "I've watched 'em," he would say, striking his pannikin on the log. "I've watched them a-growing up and gradually losing all principle and humanity. The first lot as comes out for their country's good may be a bit vicious at times, but they have hearts in them and stick to a friend; the second breed ain't so dusty; still they don't care much for their friends, nor do they think a man's word is worth considering; but the good Lord help us from the third generation; they'll sit on a fence all the blessed day planning out a mean robbery on a benefactor; they don't know what truth means, and as for faith or trust, they are sounds to laugh at with the young breed Australian.

"He knows how to bet on a horse or a cricket or a football match. Oh, yes! The youngest baby is up to that as soon as he can toddle; but as for work, or sticking to a pal, they couldn't see it and don't know what it means. They don't believe in a God; they have no country to believe in, and no traditions to uphold. They only credit the one who can get the better of them. All legs, conceit and bounce, without belly or brains, they are like the stag hounds, inveterate and sneaking biters."

Forky Ben was a philosopher in his crude way, and he knew the people he talked about particularly well. He was a Sydney side colonial in the adopted sense, yet he did admit that the Victorians had not gone back quite so rapidly as the New South Welsher.

"They are rotten," he would shout wildly sometimes. "What they want now is to be conquered and wiped out."

I was merely a trifler in the gold-finding business. I had left London for a time for my health's sake, and was merely waiting on a disputed legacy. The House of Lords would in good time settle my affairs, meanwhile I thought I'd look round me a little and gain experience; therefore, as Westralia was on the table when I left, I thought I might as well take that portion of the globe. Africa tempted me for a time, but I finally decided to take it afterwards.

I picked up chum on the road. I was riding along when I fell first upon Coolgardie Joseph, as we always called him. The country was arid. I was hot and thirsty, and my knacker ditto, when, as I passed a portion of the gully, I heard a human voice, husky and doleful as despair and pain could make the voice human. It was a moan—a groan and a curse combined; the sound men utter when God seems to forsake them and they repudiate the apparent Forsaker.

I went over to where he lay and lifted him up to my saddle beside me, and then, when I had carried him to where I could give him some succor, he told me his yarn, which somehow endeared him to me.

He had left England in a fit of spleen, had grown sick of his club friends, likewise those who tried to get nearer to him; to use his own words:

"I loved a woman, but she didn't seem to care much for me, so I left. When love gets holds of a man it seems to blot out all the rest of life's interests. I didn't care much for anything else after that woman, she seemed to comprise all. My friends—yes, I liked them, but I didn't want to see them just then. I wanted to be by myself, with my special wounds to doctor, therefore I came away from England. The boys knew my woman and knew me, therefore that was enough. They knew that I didn't want to say good-bye to them, and so they let me go quietly.

"I had a mighty craving on me just at that time. I had relations in Australia, in Sydney—a brother and two sisters, to whom, as a boy, I had felt tender; therefore I thought, like the prodigal of old, I'll go to my father's house, and peradventure they will receive me.

"I was no prodigal in the sense of the husks, for I had done work enough to make people who owned me, as I fondly thought, proud enough of me. Well! at Albany I got a letter from this brother repudiating me utterly—he thought I was coming out to ask help from him, and he told me, in language forcible and terse, to go to the deuce.

"I went to Sydney and interviewed him and the rest of the domestic crew. He repeated in language what he had written, and with an effort I plucked him out of my heart. My other relations were kind after a style, yet I had not represented the family dignity, so they also gave me the cold shoulder, as did their middle-class relations. They were rich so far, and they politely ignored me; in fact I was a pariah amongst these wretched provincials.

"I studied the vile crew. I had grown accustomed to aristocrats as my friends, and as I saw the paltry tricks of these wretched menials I gave the game up and said to myself—let me out to the wilds once more, where I can see men and women as God meant them to be. I cut all that belonged to me straight out of my heart, and mounting my horse, rode off free, and so far happy."

This was the tale of Coolgardie Joseph, my second mate. He was personally to me a more interesting character than Forky Ben, because he felt a strain of poetry, and had experienced a touch of heart bitterness, which, as I have felt it, always appeals to me.

In this fashion we got together, the three of us, Forky Ben, Coolgardie Joseph and myself. We never quarreled, and we always worked for the common end, the making of money enough to get home and enjoy ourselves—for after all, England is the place for Englishmen.

* * * * * *

The story of Coolgardie Joseph, however, was not much more edifying than that of Forky Ben, and considerably less amusing, for while some humor may be extracted out of the wily ways of a tricky spouse, with the hundred and one dodges that a man has to take to in order to live in the side-paths of colonial commerce, the quarreling between uncongenial and unfeeling relatives is too commonplace and sordid to get anything like a grin out of.

I did not, of course, endorse this wholesale condemnation of Forky Ben respecting the third generation of New South Welshers. There must be good, bad and indifferent specimens in this section of humanity, as there are in other communities.

What I had studied of their politicians didn't greatly impress me as to their probity. The shopkeepers' notions of fair dealing might, to put it mildly, be just a little vague, and there were certainly an overwhelming proportion of "bounders" and "larikins" amongst them yet.

For all that, the parent colony of New South Wales had its points, and many a warm dispute we had about these, Forky Ben and Coolgardie Joseph siding against me, while I stuck up for the condemned section as well as a new chum could do.

Forky Ben had a face, old and seamy as a piece of crackling ware, with crooked eyes and a neck like an English terrier. His figure also was thin and spare, but wiry.

Coolgardie Joseph was a tall, good-looking fellow of about thirty-three, without much flesh on his bones, and mostly serious in his demeanor. Possibly this habit of regarding things too earnestly was the cause of his taking so much to heart the paltry meanness of his own kindred.

When I had found him on the point of giving up the game was as lonely a gully as one could well imagine, desolate and bare, with an odd patch here and there of dried up scrub, and nothing but stretches of hot dust and sand on either side of it.

He had been on the tramp with two other colonials whose acquaintance he had made on board the steamer round, and they were all pushing on to get to the gold-fields, forty-six miles from where he caved in. His feet had given way, and after one or two rough remonstrances, his mates had left him to die and be done with it, which was the only course they could have taken unless they desired to share his doom likewise.

There are no almshouses or pauper establishments in the colonies, so that, when men and women get played out there, they are at liberty to hang or drown themselves, get into jail or the infirmary, and die as soon as possible, no one else cares how soon, for each is fighting for his own hand. The soil of Australia is more productive of cynics than philanthropists, and humanity is not quite so highly valued as sheep and cattle.

He had dropped to earth, and there they left him, without more than a backward glance to see if he was not following. Two days afterwards they reached the gold field and got a job at four pounds a week each. Joseph also might have got a job on the same terms, only that we decided to do a bit of prospecting on our account, for Forky Ben was an experienced miner, and when he spoke hopefully we believed in his prophecies.

We prowled about here and there, as far away from the general camp as we could get, and with varying luck; sometimes we picked up enough to keep us in grub, sometimes we worked to a dead loss, and at odd times we made enough in one or two hours to keep us going for a fortnight or three weeks.

We were working on the dry system, which isn't the best, yet Forky Ben had a keen touch and sight, and seldom allowed many specks to slip through his hand. During the day the heat was intense, while the nights were cold and bone-piercing.

The water also, which we had to purchase, was bad, and as I have said, the provisions were worse even than the water, so that there was only hard work and little comfort to be got out of the life we were leading, and I, for one, had almost made up my mind to give it up and return to civilization.

One night we were lying in front of our tent trying to extract what comfort we could glean out of our pipes, after a supper of damper and tinned salmon, which was not conspicuous for its freshness.

None of us had washed for a week past, and then it was only the end of a damp towel passed over the eyes to clear the dust which we dignified by the title of a wash.

Coolgardie Joseph, who was always of a sentimental turn, had been telling us about a lady friend of his, in the old country, whom he yet hoped to marry, if ever he was rich enough and some other fellow didn't get before him, and then his yarn over, he turned round with a yawn and fell asleep.

Forky Ben lay on his back and dilated on the delights a small and sunny country inn would be to a man at his turn of life and with his vast experiences. He was content to talk, and did not ask too much attention from his hearers, so that I lay half dozing and looking at the moon, which was just appearing over the distant ranges, when all at once my mind became concentrated on the gully where first I saw Coolgardie Joseph.

The actual scenery seemed to vanish from my eyes, and instead of the half moon a bright glare of daylight pervaded the scene. I saw the spot where Joseph had lain when I rode up, but where his body had covered was now a hole, and in it a man, digging and throwing up the earth.

He had not got far down, but he was working with a purpose, and as I strode over to the edge and looked in, I recognised Coolgardie Joseph himself, pegging away. I picked up a handful of the earth that he was shoveling out, and as I filtered it through my fingers the sunrays glistened on the yellow specks—it was thick with gold dust.

A moment afterwards the fancy picture vanished, leaving me lying in front of the tent, with Forky Ben still gabbling about that old English inn where he meant to end his days, and Coolgardie Joseph grunting in his sleep like a pig after an extra feed.

A moment afterwards, and while I was still rubbing my eyes, he started up with an exclamation:

"By Jove! but I have had a dream, to be sure."

"What was it?" I asked curiously.

"You remember that gully where you found me?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Could you find the spot where I was lying?"

"Easily—why?"

"I dreamt just now that I was back there, and digging a hole from which half the dirt I flung out was gold dust."

"Ah!" said Forky Ben, "dreams always are to be read contrary fashion, so that dream of yours means nothing."

"Well, Ben, just at the time Joseph was having his dream, I also saw him on the same spot digging away, and I 'spoze mened' the earth to find it as he has described, crowded."

"Did you dream that, mate?" asked both Coolgardie Joseph and Forky Ben with eager interest, sitting up and looking at me open-mouthed.

"Well, boys, I don't know whether to call it a dream or a waking vision, but I saw it and handled the dirt."

"Then, by the Lord Harry, dream or vision, that's the spot for us to fossick. Two men can't dream a lie at the same time. It's a revelation, that's what I call it," cried out Forky Ben excitedly.

We did not sleep much that night, you may depend, and when morning came we were off to the camp for a month's supply of stores, and then packing up we went on the backward track without mentioning the matter to any one.

The gully was easy to find, and it did not take me long to peg out the place where I had found Joseph cursing the Providence that had brought him to his fortune; for the first two hours of digging showed us that our dreams had not been delusions; there each bucket came up filled with earth, thickly impregnated with gold.

Curious how nasty, but tinned salmon and condensed water taste when luck is hanging back, and how little we are apt to consider such trifles when good fortune is with us. The camp lay forty-six miles from us, and our single horse had little enough to eat in that desert.

Every drop of water had to be carried from the camp, so that although we were most economical over it, still the water bags had to be replenished every third or fourth day, which meant a waste of time that we grudged, so eager were we to pile up the dust before the rush came.

And we got it too, in minute specks at first, yet plentiful; then as we went deeper into the earth the nuggets kept growing bigger, pennyweights, than half and whole ounces, with occasional lumps which were worth the lifting.

We knew the big nuggets were all right, but we were better pleased with the tiny specks and dust, for those meant a long bit of business. After we had satisfied ourselves with the one hole, we struck out in other directions, to find that we had discovered a field.

There were ridges round us on every side, and doubtless they also were seamed, as the soil was sprinkled with the precious ore.

In two months we had made three thousand pounds apiece, which would be enough to carry us to England and float our company, therefore, like wise men, we sat down to consider our future plans. We must purchase the ground first and then seal it up without suspicions, not an easy matter amongst gold-seekers.

I was deputed to work the oracle while with Winchesters and colts my mates mounted guard over our future property, and I fancy for a new chum I managed fairly well to pull the blinkers over the government men, so that cautiously I purchased the entire gully, after which we pitched aside all disguise and exhibited the field.

Gracious heaven! what a magic power gold has to transform a man in the eyes of his friends. Coolgardie Joseph, who had been metamorphically vomited out of Sydney, returned to it before he sailed to England, a king.

The narrow-minded provincials wallowed before him and literally worshipped him, without winning a spark of respect or regard from him in return. It is difficult to blind even a millionaire by flattery, who has had the reverse side of the picture presented to him in the days of his supposed adversity.

In England he found his young lady still waiting for him; certain malicious persons told him that she had almost got married to the wrong man during his absence, only that the wrong man had gone away without committing himself; but that is the way of the malicious world, and Joseph had the good taste not to believe them, so that he married his own true love, and I think they are bound to be happy, for they are very wealthy, and wealthy people are always happy, are they not?

His relations write every mail gushing letters to him and his bonnie bride, but Coolgardie Joseph does not answer these affectionate epistles.

Forky Ben has reached the height of his ambition, a cosy inn situated in one of the most charming parts of old England; yet he is not happy because, singular to relate, after a twenty years' absence his dear wife turned up to manage the bar for him.

They met, as spectres are supposed to meet, on the shores of the Styx, both having been dead to each other for so many years. Forky Ben looked aghast, panted for a few moments, and surrendered. Mrs. Forky likewise started at the sight of her dear and lamented one, but she had come upon him prepared, for a rich man cannot hide his light nor his name under a bushel. After her first start of feigned surprise she asserted her rights, and Forky collapsed. She now manages the country inn, and her respected husband makes the best of the situation.

I have nothing personally to grumble at either, for we are garnering in the golden grains, and our field has a considerable boom in the city. It is now in the market, with the shares steadily rising and eagerly sought after. I also am in the same position as our Great Dream Mine.

Traps Set by Milliners.—She was an ingenuous young milliner and had not the least idea I was interviewing her (writes a contributor), or she might not have been so confidential.

"Oh yes," said she, "we do make large profits, but then we can't help it. Most ladies don't think anything of a bonnet unless it costs a good deal. You see, they fancy a low-priced bonnet might be bought by their servants, and this of course would be dreadful.

"When a lady fancies a particular bonnet that is unticketed in the window we always put on a couple of dollars at the very least. We know she's set her heart upon having it, and if she thinks the price is too high why we simply take off the dollars and let her have it at the original price, and she goes away happy with her bargain.

"Another window dodge is this. If a lady buys a shape and wants to have it trimmed like one in the window, we take off the ribbons and the trimmings of the window-bonnet and put them on the ordered one, and in this way we get rid of the old stock. Of course the window-bonnet isn't very bad, besides we can always twist the ribbons to make them look like new.

"Once a lady ordered a bonnet to be trimmed with ribbon of a heliotrope color. When it was sent home she did not like it, as the color was too dark.

It came back, and all I did was to put it in a sunny window for a couple of days and fade it to the right tint.

It was a great deal of trouble because the inside of the folds had to be exposed, but when it was sent again to the customer she was delightful and said it was just the shade she wanted.

"But my greatest triumph," said the young lady, with a sparkle of her laughing eye, "was when a very fastidious customer sent a beaver hat of a rather old-fashioned shape to be made up in the newest style.

"Each of the milliners employed had a try at it, and it was sent home six times to be returned with the message that the lady didn't like it.

"It was then passed on to me, as the youngest hand, to see what I could do, and I got into such a rage at the thing not going right that after two or three attempts I threw it on the ground in a pet and stamped upon it.

"Somebody suggested that it should be sent home just as it was, and we did so out of fun. To our amazement the lady was charmed with it, and I was especially complimented by the proprietor on having succeeded in pleasing a troublesome customer.

"The lady, of course, took her bent hat as being the newest shape."

Provisioning Atlantic Steamers.—It is an almost unheard-of occurrence nowadays for an ocean-going passenger steamer to run short of provisions, even when the voyage has been unduly protracted by bad weather, accidents, or other causes. This is owing chiefly to the various Government regulations on the subject.

Thus the Board of Trade insists that all British steamers crossing the Atlantic shall carry provisions for thirty-seven days in winter and thirty-two days in summer. The Belgian authorities insist on a seven weeks' food supply; the German ones require a two months' stock; while France makes three months the minimum.

But the steamship companies go much farther than the bare letter of the rule, and generally carry twice as much as the regulations demand, the reason being that the owners of vessels buy in their native countries, and have enough for the double journey.

The stores are in charge of the chief steward, and are so arranged that they can be reached at a moment's notice, and yet so snugly that there is not an inch of space lost.

Before the steamship sails the steward estimates the number of passengers he will carry, and then makes a requisition for the supplies needed. This is gone over by the port steward of the line, and if he finds it correct, the steamship steward gets what he asks for.

In the way of eggs, about forty per cent. more than will be required are carried, to provide against possible breakage. Each egg is packed separately, and the crates are so stored that no concussion is possible. The ship's bakers, who work steadily throughout the voyage, furnish all the bread and pastry required by the passengers.

A French chef is in charge of the cooking department of all the first-class companies boats. He makes the soups, entrees, sauces, and does the garnishing, his two assistants attending to all the other dishes, subject, of course, to his supervision.

A scarcity of drinking water on passenger steamships is guarded against by tanks, holding very considerable quantities, which are, of course, used only for drinking purposes. Water for cooking and bathing is supplied from the sea, and goes through a condenser before it is used. Indeed, in case of need, sufficient drinking water also can always be obtained by these means.

Barber's Clippings Useful.—Until quite recently no effective use had been found, even in this age of the universal utilisation of waste, for the clippings of men's hair left over in barbers' shops, though all manner of experiments have from time to time been made with this material.

But a very well-known fishing-tackle maker—who sends his wares all over the world—has of late bought quantities of such hair, and the writer sought him out in order to ascertain the precise uses to which it was put, and information was most readily given.

"My workpeople use large quantities of human hair in the making of artificial fishing flies, for certain parts of which it is the best material out. Wrapped thickly round the bodies of many kinds of flies, it has the quality of not gathering water and getting sodden, as silk does, whilst it stands more wear and tear. But even beyond this, we use a considerable amount in tying gut on hooks.

"Aided by a small patented implement, hook tiers now commonly use human hair instead of silk, and the lashing is both stronger and neater. But a plan has been devised for using human hair almost exclusively in silk and hair combination reel lines, in which horsehair alone was at one time employed, and these new lines are unsurpassed for toughness and lightness.

"You are mistaken in supposing that fishing tackle makers are the only persons who buys barbers' clippings. Within the last year or two tons of hair have been packed in the lining between the iron plates forming the armor sheating of certain parts of war vessels; a peculiar type of cupola, for instance, having a thickness of tightly-packed hair between casings of metal.

"The hair is so elastic that it is said to form a most effect backing to metal; and also in connection with shipping, the makers of ship's fenders—the soft spheres of tow-rope that are thrown over the side of a vessel to prevent her from scrubbing against the edge of a quay or dock—are just beginning to utilise human hair."

Carried by a Woman.—For some time past Miss Harriet Anderson, a young woman of about twenty-five years of age, has been engaged on a task from which many men would shrink.

To go on a solitary drive of 200 miles once a week along the border of a barren wilderness such as Western New Mexico is not the most pleasant of occupations, nor is the enjoyment of the trip enhanced by the possible prospect of an encounter with Indians.

Yet this is what Miss Anderson has to do in connection with her duties as mail carrier from Magdalena westward to two or three small settlements in the San Augustin plains and eastern hills of the Mogollon Mountains.

Her father holds the contract for the route, but as he was frequently prevented from taking the mail it gradually fell into her hands.

It is seldom that she has any companions, few people having occasion to make the journey.

On one occasion, however, when she was accosted by a band of Navajo Indians, she was fortunate enough to be accompanied by a man who knew their language and was on friendly terms with them, so that all danger was averted.

On another trip she had the company of a madman all day. She had found him lying by the roadside dying of thirst, and after a while succeeded in getting him to come with her. Of course he was not violent or dangerous. He simply sat quietly in the cart and jabbered and laughed in a silly way all the time.

It was found afterwards that he had been prospecting in the lava plains, and that his companions had been murdered by the Navajos, he alone escaping. No one knows how long he had been wandering over those horrible barren plains before his senses had succumbed to hunger, thirst, fright, fatigue, and the trying alternations of the heat of the day and the cold at night.

It is seldom that Miss Anderson carries anything of value, so she has little fear of being robbed. She is, however, well able to defend herself, as she always goes armed, and can use her revolver with an ease and accuracy that a duellist might envy.

Hardly a distinguished man can be found in all the centuries of history who reached his pre-eminence without a prodigious self-curbing and self-inciting. Military chieftains, princely merchants, navigators, explorers, artists, scholar, became such by a voluntary contraction which required the resistance of many strong propensities, and the summoning forth of some of their most reluctant powers. Men acquire this self-mastery in some things almost whenever an adequate motive puts them to the effort. And, if in some things, why not in others?

Scientific and Useful.

Iron Soles.—A new shoe-sole is being tried in the German army. It consists, it is said, of a kind of paste of linseed oil varnish, with iron filings, with which the soles of the new shoes are painted. It is said to keep the leather flexible, and to give the shoe greater resistance than the best nails. Already, in many regiments, nails made of aluminium are used, instead of the ordinary iron nails, and are, apparently, found satisfactory.

Rope.—A cork-core floating rope has been designed. The inventor claims that his floating rope of one inch in thickness will stand a strain of more than 1000 pounds. The rope consists of a core of small, round corks, about three-quarters of an inch long, placed end to end, round which is a braided network of cotton twine. This is surrounded by another layer of strong cotton twine, braided in heavy strands, which is about a quarter of an inch thick.

Bottles.—A wash-bottle, for washing gases, has been devised recently. The bottle has no stopper, and consists of a conical flask with a gallery round the top, into which mercury, or other suitable liquid, is poured. In this rests an inverted bulb-flask, with wide neck, from which a glass tube leads away the gas; but the gas is brought into the arrangement by a tube which comes bodily through the hollow of the bulb and terminates in the conical flask below within the washing liquid.

For Gold.—A new amalgam has been discovered which is a wonderful substitute for gold. It consists of ninety-four parts of copper to six parts of antimony. The copper is melted, and the antimony is then added. Once the two metals are sufficiently fused together a little magnesium and carbonate of lime are added to increase the density of the material. The product can be drawn, wrought, and soldered just like gold, which it almost exactly resembles on being polished. Even when exposed to the action of ammoniacal salts or nitrous vapors it preserves its color. The cost of making it is about 25 cents a pound avoirdupois.

Farm and Garden.

Breeding.—The safest mode of securing vigor in the herd or flock is to make it an object never to use a male that is bred on the same farm with the females.

Horses.—Horses are cheap and it is an excellent opportunity for farmers to buy better stock and thus aim to secure larger profits without additional cost or food and labor.

Cuttings.—Geraniums, coleus, fuchsias, and abutilons grow from cuttings. Place them in sand, in shallow vessels, and keep the sand moist until they root, which should be in two weeks.

Roses.—Put out young rose bushes early. Old bushes should be pruned, removing about one-third the wood. A large proportion of manure should be placed around the bushes, and after the ground becomes warm it should be lightly chopped into the soil. Roses will not thrive if crowded with grass. Keep the surface of the soil loose.

Mutton.—The demand for choice mutton has largely increased during the past five years. The introduction of the mutton breeds on farms has added to the quality of the meat, which educated consumers to the use of that which before could not be obtained. It is doubtful if any farmer who has made a specialty of mutton sheep would go back to the wool breeds, even if wool is sold at double the present prices.

Stalls.—The stalls cannot be dry unless they are arranged with the object of affording perfect drainage. Absorbent material will assist in keeping the animals dry during the night, but when the bed is very wet, and the liquids are allowed to accumulate, the animals will suffer severely if the weather is cold, and cows will shrink in their milk. Comfort and rest are essential to thrift, and it will cost less to keep the stock dry than it will give extra food to create animal heat.

If You Have a Worrying Cough, or any Lung or Throat trouble, use at once Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, and don't parley with what may prove to be a dangerous condition. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Hanative.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 725 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 11, 1885.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

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On Generosity.

Generosity is one of the broad roads to popularity. We can recollect only one broader road, and that is a capacity for friendly personal intercourse without a trace of snobbishness. The generous man is irresistible. As a rule, he is doubly and trebly armed, for his generosity is accompanied by a number of other good qualities, such as a mellow temper and an agreeable buoyancy of spirits. His appearing is like that of the sun.

You are in the midst of a group of people who are awkwardly trying to be at home with one another, though one is gloomy, and the next stiff, and a third acid, and over all there is a sense of constraint, when in comes a good soul who is known to be overflowing with generosity, and the vapors that overhung the place are dispelled, and brightness and warmth are diffused even into the coldest corner of the room where the cynic sits.

We owe a deeper debt of gratitude than we can realize to the man of generous temperament, who gives us fresh hope and sweeps away as with a healthy breeze the mustiness of brooding and self-conscious thought.

There seems to be a fitness in picturing the generous man as jovial, merry-eyed, well-favored in countenance, of comfortable proportions. The kindly expansive soul ought, we instinctively imagine, to be free from outwards signs of worry. Suspicion and niggardliness should be pinched and harassed in appearance. But we know from observation that the classification of the generous and the mean into the rotund and the shrivelled would not be at all safe.

The spirit of beneficence runs into all kinds of physical moulds, and the stage idea that has given "jolly" the double meaning of merry and plump is almost as often proved false as true in real life. It is not the bold blustering goodness of heart which imposes itself upon men right and left that has the best tonic effects, but the quiet kindness that is known to be constant. We might almost divide generous men into two kinds—the overwhelmingly genial and the sensitive; and the best are the sensitive.

It does not follow, as many people suppose, that generous people are unsuspicious, easily duped, though of course they are the natural mark of rogues. Whenever a man of truly benevolent mind is to be found, there will all kinds of rogues and impostors be gathered together; but it is quite possible to preserve charity of judgment and yet not be taken in by scoundrels. When generous men are duped by rogues, they have usually been approached by way of their "fads" and weaknesses—oftenest through their vanity. It is not at all fair to generosity to ally it with vanity and a strong bias and then to call it fool because it is taken in.

A man of generous heart will be devoted to some particular form of religion or to his own pet scheme for bettering mankind, and the rogue who wishes to trade on his generosity will approach him along the line of least resistance—that is, by way of his "fad." In this particular direction the philanthropist can turn only the blind spot of his eye, and so he is cheated. But that is not due to an inherent weakness of the generous temperament. It comes from the chance association of generosity with weakness of character.

So far from believing that there is any necessary alliance between generosity and gullibility, we hold that the truly generous man of good all-round capacity and varied experience is less likely to be cheated than any other type of man who has free dealings with his fellows. The extraordinary fact has been noted again and again that the confirmed liar is exactly the man who is most easily deceived by a lie; and the same principle holds good all round, the explanation being that the nature of the rogue becomes so debased by roguery that it no longer serves as a touchstone for detecting roguery, whereas the clean-hearted man who has his eyes open is instinctively aware of the ring of falsity.

You see a wily knave fussing round some one whose generosity and goodness are well known, and you think, How can this foolish self-seeker suppose that his character and objects will not be read? It does not involve any lapse of generosity in thought for the knave to be rated at his true worth, at least to the extent of having his knavery checkmated.

The old saying that some people are "so good they are good for nothing" is true enough of an occasional man or woman whose mind and character are altogether wanting in grip, for goodness itself cannot make a man of a nincompoop; but generosity has no necessary connection with such weakness—indeed the qualities that go with the unselfish disposition are the most likely to be sensitive to the approach of roguery and to give it least quarter.

Among the weaknesses that detract from the purity of generosity is the surrender to generous impulses to save trouble. You are bothered by an appeal to your sympathies, and you give because it is the easiest way out of a momentary unpleasantness.

One often sees men doing generous deeds in order to escape the bother of not doing them, and yet exercising so little care, except to make a hasty escape, that all the grace is taken out of the action, and it is sterilized of moral significance. No doubt a part of this off-hand benevolence is only a trick of sensitive men to escape the acknowledgment of their kindness. In the same way the most tender-hearted of men will entrench themselves behind a gruff and forbidding demeanor.

The grumpy old uncle with a good heart is a stock character on the stage and appears in many forms in real life. To be thanked is to him the worst penalty of benevolence; he gives and turns on his heel. But he cannot conceal his character permanently; and by-and-by he is separated from the careless man who is liberal to escape trouble and not because it is his nature to be helpful.

Similar to the beautiful hospitality of the careful man of the old school is the occasional bounty of the penurious. Look down any list of subscriptions that have been drawn out of people's hearts by a story of pain and misery, and what, think you, are the considerations which determine who has been most generous?

The amount given compared with the amount which the donor had to give, some may reply, having in mind the widow's mite. But surely there is another factor in the calculation—namely, the natural disposition of the people who gave.

You, in your lightness of heart and ready surrender to a wave of emotion, may put down a handsome share of your scanty store; but your neighbor who gives the same from twice as well filled a purse may have fought a battle with his long-cultivated instincts of thrift, the intensity of which you cannot conceive. Perhaps this painfully-extorted kindness is not generosity, but it is quite as vigorous.

In the doing of good as well as in the resistance of evil the warning of Robbie Burns is not out of place—"We know not what's resisted." And let us not forget that the naturally generous man is sure of his reward; he is popular and beloved, whereas he who is generous only with difficulty must be content to find each good deed its own reward and never to gain unreserved acknowledgments from his neighbors.

To desire the approbation, goodwill, and esteem of others is a natural and perfectly legitimate feeling, and one which largely conduces to the welfare and morality of every community. It is folly to try to banish it as a motive power, to depreciate it as being an unworthy source of action, to despise those who are influenced by it; all this is simply fighting against nature, and in every such battle defeat is certain. While men and women are woven together in the web of social relations, and dependent upon one another for their happiness, and even their very existence, so long will the desire of enjoying the esteem of one another continue to form a strong and a valuable influence in their lives.

A YOUNG man who thinks he can lead a reckless and profligate existence until he reaches the middle term of life, and then repent and make a good steady citizen, is deluded. He thinks that people are fools, destitute of memory. He concludes that if he repents everybody will forget that he was a dissipated fellow. This is not the case, people are apt to remember the bad deeds and forget the good ones. Besides, it is no easy thing to break off in middle life bad habits that have been formed in youth.

As soon as one arduous task is accomplished, we should begin another; as soon as one formidable obstacle is cleared away, we should attack the next; as soon as one knotty problem is solved, we should proceed to disentangle some other intricacy. In this way not only will all difficulties vanish one by one, but, what is of far more consequence, we shall become stronger and more courageous in the process.

THE shouts of playful childhood are eloquent of the heart's sweet music. There are no sounds that gush forth so full of the active, springing, overleaping joy that knows no boundary; and the associations with their gleeful melody are the purest of pleasures.

THERE are cords in the human heart—strange varying strings—which are struck only by accident, which will remain mute and senseless to appeals the most passionate and earnest, and respond at last to the slightest casual touch.

THE freshness of feeling which is both surprised and pained at evil-doing is far more influential in banishing it than any amount of cool reprobation; and he who has it not is deprived of a powerful instrument for good.

THE habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

HE that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

WE attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENT.

G. N. C.—Rosy cheeks indicate a perfect state of health, and we can suggest no remedy for the toning down of these indications of pure blood and perfect functional action.

SAVOY.—A young lady should not invite a comparative stranger to call upon her, but should first ascertain something about his character before thus honoring him.

E. S.—Mardi gras is a French phrase, and stands for what in English is Shrove Tuesday; that is, the Tuesday before Ash-Wednesday. It is the last day of the carnival in countries where the carnival is celebrated.

ROSE.—Rubber will dissolve in gas-tar oil or in turpentine, but the latter is apt to smell badly. It will also dissolve in ether, chloroform, naphtha, and petroleum. India-rubber articles are made by pressing soft rubber into moulds, and vulcanizing them afterwards.

J. R. S.—If a gas-jet was turned on in a close room, and a person was to enter the room with a light or strike a match, the result would be an explosion, and if there was anything of a combustible nature in the room, it would probably be set on fire, and a conflagration would follow.

C. S. D.—You probably refer to lines in Scott's "Lord of the Isles." In the fifth canto of that poem the following passage occurs:—

"O, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken."

T. D.—The St. Gothard Tunnel on the line of railway between Lucerne and Milan is unequalled in length by any other ever constructed. The summit of this tunnel is 900 feet below the surface at Andermatt, and 6,000 feet beneath the peak of Kastelhorn in the St. Gothard group. It is 29½ feet wide, 18 feet 10 inches in height from the floor to the crown of its arched roof, and 9½ miles in length.

E. A. H.—Customs and people differ about such matters. In some places the bridegroom supplies his groomsmen with gloves and neckties, and the bridesmaids with flowers; while the bride furnishes the dresses for her bridesmaids. When this is not done, it is customary for the wedded pair to give each of their respective attendants some keepsake—usually a piece of jewelry—as a memento of the occasion.

L. C. D.—Historically and literally considered, the Irish language is the same as the Gaelic. It is also called the Erse, and the Irish, which is the same word, etymologically, as Irish. There are many grammars and dictionaries of this language, and its historic and literary remains, which are very voluminous, have been industriously collected, translated, and annotated by modern scholars, both in Scotland and Ireland, as well as in Germany.

K. M. B.—The term 'turncoat" is probably derived from the French tourne-cote—"turn-side." The ingenious Dr. Brewer quotes the following from the Scots' Magazine for 1747—"As the dominions of the Duke of Saxony were bounded in part by France, one of the early dukes hit upon the device of a coat blue one side and white the other. When he wished to be thought in the French interest, he wore the white outside; otherwise the outside color was blue. Whence a Saxon was nicknamed Emanuel Turncoat."

R. D. F.—The Pitti Palace in Florence, Italy, derives its name from Luca Pitti, the opponent of the Medici family, about the year 1458. It is of great magnitude, the front being 400 feet in length, three stories (of 40 feet each) high in the centre, and with the centres of its windows 24 feet apart. It is conceded, we believe, that there is no palace in Europe to compare with it in grandeur, though many may surpass it in elegance. The Pitti gallery contains many of the best works of Michael Angelo, Titian, Salvator Rosa, Andrea del Sarto, Murillo, Rubens, and several of Raphael's, including the celebrated "Madonna della Seggiola."

E. A. B.—The finest kind of clay, used for making porcelain or china, is called Kaolin, from Kao-ling, the name of a hill in China whence the clay for Chinese porcelain is taken. It is white, or creamy yellow, and is softer and more crumbly than other kinds of clay. Good kaolin is found in many parts of Europe, and in the United States. When taken from the bed it looks like mortar. It is first mixed with water and run through several vats, in which the coarse particles settle, and the milky liquid is then drawn into a shallow vat where the finer parts stick to the bottom. When clear the water is drawn off, and the kaolin is then dried, when it looks like fine white flour.

C. T. R.—To be an interesting talker requires that one should be observant, well-informed and sympathetic. Find out what subjects would most likely interest your auditors, adapt your conversation to those you are talking to. Keep well up with the times. Read the papers and find out what people are doing (not the murders and scandals) and how the world is progressing. Dip into politics a little. Every woman should keep up with the general movements of the government in her own country at least. Don't talk prosily and don't argue, just touch upon matters in a chatty, commenting way. But the true secret of interesting your auditors is not to talk much yourself but to draw them out, to make them talk, and then to listen intelligently. They will think you charming.

SPRING.

BY F. T.

And who is he that down the mountain side
Swift as a shadow flying from the sun,
Between the wings of stormy winds doth ran,
With fierce blue eyes and eyebrows knit with pride;
Tho' now and then I see sweet laughter's play
Upon his lips, like moments of blue Heaven
Thrown 'twixt the cruel blasts of morn and even,
And golden locks beneath his hood of gray?
Sometimes he turns him back to wave farewell
To his pale sire with icy beard and hair;
Sometimes he sends before him thro' the air
A cry of welcome down a sunny dell;
And while the echoes are around him ringing,
Sudden the angry wind breathes low and sweet;
Young violets show their blue eyes at his feet,
And the wild lark is heard above him singing!

A Surgeon's Wife.

BY A. H.

CECILIA Luttrell came out into the sunshine from the rose framed background of twilit hall. All the warm sweet air was set quivering and ringing by a chorus of welcoming worship.

She paused a moment, for the foolish little worshippers tumbled over her feet in idiotic gladness at seeing her, and stopped the road by way of hurrying her up. Two fox-terriers leaped wildly at her knees; a Skye writhed in rapture over her instep.

A big retriever vented his delight as paradoxically, if less obstructively, after one loud bark of triumph, by setting off to tear round the outermost circle of the lawn, as if he had gone mad with joy too great for bearing. A white Angora cat watched her with drowsy interest from a garden seat where she lay curled, a cushion of hot fur.

A grey kitten bolted out recklessly to see the last of her; repented its self-precipitation into a herd of yelping rivals, and scampered up the trellis of the porch to obtain a safer and more commanding view. A very old Yorkshire terrier shook himself out of the basket in which he was enjoying his sun-bath and crawled slowly towards her.

"Get off, Frisk and Neil," she cried, pushing the fox-terriers aside. She knelt down by the blind elder and stooped to kiss his warm, sparsely fringed head. "Dear old Gyppie," she murmured tenderly.

"Really, Cecil, you are too absurd!" cried a vibrant masculine voice. "I am not even a little dearer than your dog if you expect me to kiss lips that have been lavishing their sweetness on that mangy old beast."

"I don't expect anything of the sort," said Cecelia rising. She smiled, but there was a deeper color on her cheeks beneath the roses which bloomed forth to greet her lover. The dogs heard their mistress being scolded with haughty surprise and defiance. Neil and the Skye proceeded at once to investigate the source of such audacity in the odor of the newcomer's boots.

Frisk barked at him briefly but severely, and then darted off in pursuit of a rabbit beyond the fence. The subsequent proceedings interested him no more. The retriever, after a pause of stern and searching inquiry, hurried back across the lawn and stationed himself on guard at Cecelia's side.

The intruder and rival was a dark, handsome man of thirty, with keen grey eyes, fine, strongly marked profile; a well-cut, firmly-closed, rather thin mouth, and a square chin. In Cecelia's eyes he was the grandest and dearest of God's creatures; her king, her priest, the very soul of her; but she wished he would not despise her for being fond of her dogs.

It hurt her that he should be jealous of them; that he should grudge them, not a share of her love, for that was all his, but another love which was altogether quite different; which had grown up with her life before he came into it and brought that new love which was the opening out of a whole new world, imperial, infinite, immortal.

Could he not understand that nothing could take from the great love she gave to him? Yet though that strange fierce love of his frightened her, she could not but love it the more for its terrors, and though his jealousy pained her, she loved the pain.

He took her into his arms; he hurt her again by the strength of his embrace, and again she loved the pain. He knew he hurt her, for she always cried out, but he must express his passion so; he could not help it. He kissed her on her eyes, her brow, her cheeks, her ears, but he did not kiss her lips.

He was the one man in the world strong enough to resist their sweetness. There was a passion in him stronger than love. She did not understand it, though she was nervously aware of its presence; that there was something missing from the completeness of her happiness. She feared he was too intensely devoted to science to love her as wholly as she loved him; too ambitious of fame to place her first in his life.

She felt sadly her incapacity to fill his whole heart and existence as he filled hers; her unworthiness of his love, of a share in his splendid life. She supposed it must always be so; that man's love should be of his life a thing apart and woman's whole existence. She was not clever like him. She could be of no use to him in the making of his fame. She could have no share in the deep things that lay beyond herself.

She could give and give of pure deep love, but she would fain have given more than love and she could not. She thought his profession the highest and holiest in the world. She worshipped him as one who lived for the healing of the world's suffering. But she sickened and shuddered at details; at mention of operations; at the sight of a surgical case; at the danger he ran from infection.

There was nobody at that side of the house to see their meeting, to criticise and analyse; nobody except three angry, suspicious "lower animals," who being destitute of minds and rights could have no opinions worth considering. They fittingly forbore to protest farther, and tried their polite little best to tolerate, if not to accept as an acquisition to their party, the person whom their mistress delighted to honor.

These walked off together into the deep fragrant wood beyond the lawn.

"You did not meet me at the station," he said reproachfully.

"Mrs. Forbes called and stopped me. I told her I must meet the train, but, alas! the mention of it only seemed to suggest another topic to detain me. But you were late too, dearest?" quickly.

"I missed the first train. I heard of a house that was, as usual, sure to do, and I went to see it that I might bring a report to you. As usual, it won't do at all. It is in Greta Street; a very inconvenient house. We cannot possibly live in Greta Street; much too far from the hospital."

"Why, it isn't so far as Toward Lodge, and we had almost decided on that. Greta Street—I don't remember any house there to let except the Greys', which is a very good house indeed."

"It is the Greys'. It is badly built. No cellars."

"Dear, why should you so insist upon cellars? I am sure a laboratory above ground would be far healthier, and daylight is far best for every sort of work."

"May not a doctor be supposed to judge best of a sanitary question?" he asked impatiently. "I think I shall decide on Toward Lodge. The only alternative is to build a house, and I cannot wait for that, Cecil."

"And I should so dislike a brand-new house without real trees and a nice garden, and the smell of mortar everywhere. But let us, wait, dear, to look a little farther. Toward Lodge gives me a creeping feeling. They say it was used by coiners, before Dr. Mordaunt took it, and that they built the high garden wall and made the cellars. Certainly, the conveniences for keeping dogs are ideal."

He twitched his arm.

She clasped both her hands upon it, saying coaxingly:

"I do believe he is jealous of poor little mortals without souls. Gervaise, darling, however much they love me and I them, it is for such a little while. You and I have each other for all our lives and for evermore."

"How can you, a high churchwoman, waste your affection over things without souls?" he demanded sarcastically. "You believe that human babies belong to Satan before they are baptised, don't you?"

"They have their warm, loving little hearts, dear. Perhaps they have something more—St. Augustine thinks it possible—an immortal part as we have. Think what a true, faithful little friend Caro was," her lip quivered.

"I always think I shall meet her again in Heaven, and that she will leap up at the sight of me, dear thing. I feel as if she must know when I am at her grave, and that she stirs a little and opens her eyes sleepily, and puts out her pink tongue to lick my hand."

"I wonder you don't have her up to see how she is getting on," he said brutally, glancing at her with something like apprehension, not shame; as if he believed her almost capable of such folly. Perhaps he was only afraid of having gone too far.

She shrank from him at his words, turning sick and pale.

"Forgive me, darling," he cried, in an access of penitence. "Cecil, my own, my sweet! You know I love you all the more for your tenderness for these dumb, dependent creatures; but it should be rational. You cannot love them. Love is for human beings.

"These are infinitely lower—altogether different. Does not even your Bible tell you they were given to man, subjected to him, for his use? Don't women who fuss most over pets wantonly help to destroy the most beautiful of all for their personal adornment?"

She was not listening. She still looked white and sick. He touched her and she shivered, yet his touch was very gentle. No one could be gentler with a suffering fellow-creature. His patients believed him to be incomparable for touch and voice. They might have been uneasy to see how pale he grew as he watched her.

Such extreme sympathy in a doctor might be a symptom of weakness. Or could he fear that she had blamed him for her pet's death? He had taken Caro from her to cure, he said. He wanted to watch her case carefully, and to isolate her lest she should develop rabies. He had not cured her. He had brought her back to Cecilia, coffined in a tin biscuit-box hermetically sealed, and buried her in Cecilia's presence in her sister's garden at Stormsley Hall. Cecilia never thought of blaming him. He had seemed as deeply concerned as she was at that little funeral.

"Mrs. Forbes rather vexed me," she said presently. "She says such unpleasant things."

"Of me in particular?"

Cecilia laughed a little forcedly.

"She has a very bad opinion of modern science. She disapproves of you highly, both on scientific and theological grounds."

"How cruel!—and my theology, too! I really don't know my own creed, except that human life is the most sacred thing in the world, and that the highest object a man can live for is to lessen the sum of human suffering."

This confession struck her unpleasantly. His emphasis was oddly unconvincing, for there was nothing he was wont to inveigh against more strenuously than cant. She did not speak.

"What is this last tit-bit of scandal about me?" he asked abruptly.

"She said you wrote to the papers in favor of vivisection." Cecilia replied falteringly, not laughing up into his eyes as usual, when reporting Mrs. Forbes' slanders. She spoke as with a great effort, and with averted eyes; she shrank a little farther from him; nothing of perceptible distance beyond the lightening of her soft shoulder's weight from his.

He laughed loudly and harshly.

"The old fool! She would have shrieked as loudly against anatomical demonstration a few decades ago."

"But, dear, you surely cannot approve——"

"Do I approve of cutting off a diseased limb, of giving a dear little child a dose of nasty physic, of catching a poor cod to steal his oil, of cooking and eating that cod and all other animals for the preservation of my own more important carcass? Cecil, you are a little goose—no, a little out of date dodo."

"But you wouldn't do it yourself, dearest?"

Gervaise sprang to his feet impatiently. He could do so without any restraint, for nearly an inch of empty air blew between his shoulder and hers.

"My dearest Cecilia!" he cried. "Do allow me to enjoy a holiday, the green wood tree, the scent of the hawthorn and hyacinths, your own fair presence. Don't bring the sights and odors of the dissecting room into paradise. I may do many things out of the necessity of my calling that I would not choose as topics of conversation with a young lady in a sylvan retreat.

"For you, let me be only a man and your lover, not a surgeon. Faugh! I would you have me come a-wooing reeking like a butcher?—forgive me, love; you make me forget myself. Believe me, Cecilia, I do nothing in my profession that is not a deed of mercy, but I do not feel I climed to describe or even allude to the necessities involved in such deeds.

"You yourself would insist upon their performance—you, who would turn faint at the sight of a cut finger, who could never bring yourself to see a tooth drawn. If everybody were like that, where would all the poor sick folk be? Don't ask me how I perform my operations or compound my powders. Let me forget such things for an hour, and remember only you."

He had raised his voice more than he knew. Frisk, returning all unwearied from the chase, heard and apparently understood. A dog's instinct should be truer, for surely it could not be that Gervaise Bertram was threatening his beloved? Frisk judged, sentenced and executed all in a breath. He darted out of the underwood with an angry bark and snapped at Gervaise's leg.

The snap was really absurdly ineffectual. The trouser was thick, and the dog intended only to convey a slight punishment, a mere hint that somebody was about who could not allow Miss Luttrell to be insulted. But Gervaise flew into an access of rage and kicked Frisk fiercely.

The little terrier set up a dismal yell, and fled squirming and squeaking to Cecilia's lap. She did not speak, or even look up, she only cuddled and crooned over the quivering, indignant little thing, who from the cosy vantage of her soft arms shot glances of deadly hate, accompanied by low growls, at his enemy.

"You care nothing if I am bitten to the bone!" he exclaimed, "and you pet that cur who has not got a tenth of his deserts. I don't pretend to have been worried to death," he continued aggressively, imagining to detect a scornful smile twitch her lips, "but I don't understand how you can care for me if you can fondle and fuss over an infernal little ill-tempered beast like that. It is enough to exasperate a saint."

"Rather an ill-tempered one, I fear." She could have forgiven the stronger adjectives as offending her dignity, but it was more difficult to forgive its application to her little dog.

"This is too much!" cried Gervaise. "Cecil, you know why I hate him and he hates me. We are jealous of each other; actually jealous as if we stood on a level, mental, moral and physical! He has little need to hate me, he need not grudge me the poor crumbs that fall from his table!"

"You are talking absolute nonsense, Gervaise," she said quietly.

"Prove that it is so!" he cried. "Prove that you believe a man is worth more than a beast. Choose between him and me!"

"That is absurd. There is no question of choice."

"Prove it, then!" he went on, his anger gathering fury while it excited the louder growling of the dog.

No one can help feeling annoyed at a dog's disapproval. There is a superstition or faith as to the unerring instinct—the high value of canine estimate.

"How can I prove it?" she asked wearily, slightly relaxing her arms. The dog made a spring—she just caught him before he escaped.

"Kill the brute!" said Gervaise shortly.

"Kill him—for growling at you?"

"I have no doubt you would rather see me killed. You nearly let him fly at me again then. He is a savage beast. The law would not let him live."

She burst into tears. Frisk let off one more brief but incisive growl, and turned his attention to the soothing of his mistress.

"How can you be so cruel, Gervaise?" she sobbed.

He would have taken her into his arms in his passionate contrition, but he dared not approach the dog—a fact which did not serve to assuage his wrath.

"Choose between him and me," he repeated doggedly. "Kill him, or send me from you for ever."

"You cannot be in earnest!" she cried indignantly.

"I am as earnest as death. Pray don't call me jealous of a dog. My reason is that I have proved how little you love me."

"I too have proved how little you love me!" she retorted.

And she walked slowly away down the path under the trees, carrying her fond, joyful burden.

"Cecilia, do you mean it?" he cried.

The anguish in his tone surprised her, but she walked steadily on—out of the wood, across the lawn and round to the stables, that Frisk's hurts might be attended to by experts.

Gervaise did not follow her; not for days

—weeks. She did not announce her engagement to be broken off, for she was sure he must come back repentant, to own how foolish, how cruel, how wicked he had been. Presently she heard he had gone to Paris.

Then she realized the terrible thing that had happened, the shipwreck she had made her life. Frisk was as well as ever, flying about the place after rabbits and cats. He had not been very seriously hurt, and it is alarming to be bitten anyhow by a dog, and Frisk's habit of growling at Gervaise was always, most irritating.

She almost hated Frisk for the havoc he had helped to make of her life. After all, what was a little dog compared with a man's love and her own happiness? And Gervaise had gone to Paris with his angry, broken heart, and she was left with her shattered life and her dogs.

She was obliged to let the world know that her wedding was put off, as they could not find a house. She had no relations to inquire and protest. Her invalid sister May was abroad for her health, and the uncle with whom she was staying during May's absence was too much wrapped up in his own ailments to notice her pale face. Indeed, he had not remembered that Cecilia was to have been married in June.

Mrs. Forbes, the vicar's wife, said many dark things. She surmised there had been a quarrel over the househunting, and shook her head over Dr. Bartram's unexpected prolongation of bachelor liberty.

"You were a fool to let him go to Paris," she said. "It is in them always to go to the deuce when they get the opportunity. They begin it as medical students, and only put on a mask of respectability with a practice."

Had she sent him back to Satan then? It was likely enough. He was a man with no religious faith to keep him straight once her influence was removed. Had he returned to wallow in mire? Selfish and ignorant as she was, helpless to make him greater, had she been strong enough to destroy him?

It is so easy to destroy; a child—an idiot holds life and death in its hands. She knew nothing of the Salpetriere, else suspicion might have been shuddering horror never to be forgotten; not pitying remorse preparing welcome for the prodigal. She had wrecked her own life too, yet she had the dog for whose sake all such wrecking had been wrought.

Upon such agonized thoughts he broke in the dusk of a wet June day.

"You have come!" she cried joyously.

"Are you glad, Cecil? Did you miss me at all? You had the dogs—were they not enough to supply my place?"

She protested, and clung to him, and sobbed in a heaven of ecstacy, mingled with contrition.

"So we shall be married on the 30th. Is that time enough to furnish the house, and pack your frocks, and take a tender farewell of the dogs?"

"*Of* the dogs?" she echoed, dismayed. "Why, Gervaise, you know there is no end of room for them at Toward Lodge—as we must go there. I couldn't leave them here or with May. They will be useful. That house always looks lonely."

There was an outbreak of angry protest foreshadowed in his eyes, but he admitted: "They may be useful, certainly. Cecil, you must make a concession on your side. I won't have that brute which bit me. He must be killed."

"Oh, not killed!" she pleaded. "That would be so unnecessary. I will give him away."

"Let me take him away now," he said, with a curious gleam in his eyes.

"Oh! no. He wouldn't go with you, I am afraid."

The groom undertook to find a good home for him. She wept bitterly over the parting, her tears increased by the perplexed caress they called forth. Poor little fellow! How little he knew who was betraying him into exile. But his life would not be blighted. He would not go to Satan. He had no soul to lose. He would find cats and rabbits to hunt, and beggars to bark at elsewhere.

It was his own fault. He should not be so wicked as to dislike and tease Gervaise. But he was such a dear, loving, faithful little thing. Not so loving as Gervaise. Can a love that is not intelligent be compared with that of a great wise man? Can a dog's heart, a dog's life, be weighed against a man's?

* * * * * *

"It is so hard that she must die," sobbed Cecilia.

She was walking with her husband from the London hotel where May was staying. May had returned none the better for her year's travel, and her husband had telegraphed to Gervaise to bring Cecilia. He also wanted Dr. Bartram's opinion on May's case.

The foreign doctors had been stupider than the English. None of them seemed to know what was the matter with May. He declared opinions differed—they agreed only in giving no hope.

Dr. Bartram gave an opinion, agreeing with the minority—agreeing with all in that he too had no hope. May must agonize through weeks, perhaps months more, until death released her. All remedies tried were only groping in the dark.

It was a very uncommon case, yet not, alas! unique. Experience was deficient as to its right treatment. Even now, could that treatment be discovered she might be saved, but that was impossible. If he could have watched the case from the beginning—but that, too, had been impossible, for the malady only declared itself when well advanced.

"It could not be observed from the outside," he added in a low voice, "and an operation would be fatal. It is a case in fact only to be cured from knowledge acquired by vivisection."

Cecilia heard, though he did not know it. She was coming from May's bedside into the adjoining room, where the brothers-in-law were discussing the matter. She hardly noticed. She could only think of May's bodily anguish—of the mental anguish of her husband—the loss to the three little babies she must leave.

Cecilia would fain have stayed with May, but Gervaise would not hear of it. She could do May no good, and she was ailing herself. And he would not be left alone.

She could almost have laughed at the last objection. It seemed to her that he could hardly miss her if she were to leave him for a year—for ever. He was absorbed in his work. When he was not out visiting patients he was in his underground laboratory.

She hated that laboratory as some wives hate clubs. She was depressed and nervous. She believed he had ceased to love her, and that his desire for her presence was mere jealous tyranny. He told her she was out of sorts, and prescribed medicine and exercise.

"It is the house," she told herself. "It is like a grave."

It was a dismal place, a mile out of the town where Gervaise's hospital was, surrounded by dark trees and unusually high walls. Its last tenant had kept quite a menagerie of dogs and other animals, and their empty boxes and kennels saddened her like empty cradles.

She had been obliged to give up her own dogs. Toward Lodge did not agree with their temper. The three snarled and growled at Gervaise as persistently as if they blamed him for their companion's loss. Then Nell disappeared. Gervaise was kind and sympathetic, and advertised the loss in the local papers, offering an unusually handsome reward—all in vain.

"It is so dreadful to think of the sort of place she may have been taken to by the thieves," mourned Cecilia. "If I knew she were dead—shot by a keeper—I should be almost happy."

Then the retriever took to howling all night, resenting the restraint upon his freedom considered necessary after Nell's loss, and the Skye ate an important paper of Dr. Bartram's. Cecilia, worn out by opposition, consented to banish the two dogs to her uncle's house, sixty miles off, in Comberland.

Stormesley, May's house, was shut up. She escorted the exiles herself by train with many tears and returned the same day. Early the following morning she suddenly started broad awake.

"Gervaise," she cried, "I hear Bob at the door. Do go to let him in."

It was absurd. The sound was so faint, the mere ghost of a bark, and Bob's voice was sonorous. Gervaise was much annoyed, but went to the front door to pacify her. Cecilia listened intently. She was positive she heard the bark again; just such a remnant of a bark as might remain after a sixty miles' run. Gervaise was quite a quarter of an hour absent. He had been very kind; had hunted everywhere, but there was no dog. Cecilia had been dreaming.

Next night she thought she heard Floss, the Skye. This dream took such hold of her that she got out of bed, drew aside the blind, and believed she saw in the moonlight the little familiar grey figure, writhing in faint joy at the sight of her, and trying to assert its identity by feeble whines. She attempted to slip out of the room unheard, but Gervaise awoke, and asked angrily what she was doing.

"Get into bed this minute," he commanded. "I'll see after the—beast."

She obeyed trembling, and waited. How would he vent his wrath upon the untimely little visitant? She shivered and sobbed while she listened. She would not stop her ears.

He returned after what seemed like hours of suspense.

"There is no dog at all," he stated sullenly. "You are haunted by dogs."

"I saw her. She has run away."

"You didn't see her. You were half asleep. You imagined it. Pray keep your dreams in hand for the future. They are becoming tiresome."

"She will come back in the morning," thought Cecilia. But she never came. She had been a dream too.

She dared not go back to Cumberland to see the dogs, but she wrote to her uncle to inquire after them. He was some time in replying, and then he forgot to mention the dogs. His own gout was more interesting.

Then she wrote to the coachman, who answered that the dogs were well. She was obliged to be satisfied with this, until one day when she accidentally met an old servant of her uncle's, out of the place.

"Oh, ma'am, didn't you know? They both ran away directly. The master made Thompson promise not to tell you. We thought they must have run back here."

It was about then that Cecilia began to look and feel ill. She accounted for it to herself by fretting after the dogs and the influence of the dismal house. She never mentioned her discovery to her husband. She would not even in her inmost heart suspect him of having killed the dogs.

He had probably driven them away, and hatred of him had annihilated their love for her, and they had never come back. Or perhaps she had seen their ghosts only; perhaps she was haunted by dogs as her husband hideously suggested. It seemed the more likely when a day or two after she was positive she heard Bob whining in the distance, as if in intense pain; very faint and far away, like a ghost or a dream-dog, though she had not been sleeping, but adding up her account books well on in the forenoon.

But neither he nor Floss ever showed themselves again. Then May came home hopelessly ill, and there was no time to mourn for dogs. May was her twin, her second self. She had nearly broken her heart over May's marriage.

May would have done anything to comfort Cecilia. She even offered to give up Aubrey Flannes. Cecilia would not hear of this sacrifice. She gloried in loving heroically, not selfishly, and she went to live with the young couple at Stromesley Hall. Then Gervaise Bartram came from the neighboring town, and May fell back into a second place.

"Oh! Gervaise, if I could but do something for May!" she repeated as they walked through the dark park to their own hotel.

"There is nothing to be done," he said moodily, "even if you were strong enough to do it. She has all the nursing she wants. You will want nursing yourself if you wear yourself out."

"Myself! When I would lay down my life for her!"

"That wouldn't be of much use to her. The mischief is, we cannot find out what would be of use. If we could, she might be saved. She could have been saved if it had not gone on too long, but before it was suspected it had taken hold."

"She never complained. She was so unselfish."

"If she had been less unselfish according to her own idea and yours, she would have been spared to her husband and children for many years."

"Our mother died just the same way."

"You never told me that before, Cecilia," said Gervaise, with startled energy.

"I did not think of it. It was not consumption."

"May hasn't consumption."

"We thought May's illness was only depression from influenza until she came from Cairo."

They were passing through the blaze of gaslight at Hyde Park Corner. He glanced suddenly and fearfully at Cecilia. Pshaw! She was tired and distressed. But she was May's twin sister, and she looked exactly as May had looked last year at this time, and Cecilia had never had influenza.

A week later they were at home. May was just the same, but Cecilia looked ill enough to justify careful examination. Gervaise had been watching her carefully since that moment of ghastly suspicion at Hyde Park, and knew what to look for. He found no expected symptom. Cecilia was nervous, off color, depressed, but there was nothing wrong organically as far as he could discover.

She had not then inherited her sister's fatal malady. He told her there was nothing ailed her but fancifulness. Her liver might be a little out of order. She did not in the least believe him. She thought he was indifferent and sceptical about her illness. He ordered to keep herself cheerful and eat more and not give way to morbid imagination. Then science swallowed him up again.

She was very lonely, very sad, very restless. She wandered all over the house and garden, but rarely went beyond. One dreary January evening, sitting alone in her drawing-room Gervaise being busy in his laboratory, on some work of great importance, she thought she heard a dog's wail of anguish.

She started to her feet. Like the father of the prodigal, she was ever expectant of her lost pets' return. She listened—she could not make out from which side of the house the howl had sounded. She heard it again. It was very strange. It seemed to sound from under her feet.

A cold perspiration broke over her. A dog's howl meant death. Was May dying?

She hurried out of the room. She could not bear to be alone. For the first time in her life, she went to find her husband in the laboratory.

She went softly down the dark cellar stairs. The servants were in their own quarters at the other side of the house. She was terrified of the darkness, the silence; only more terrified of the haunted solitude from which she was escaping.

At the foot of the stairs she slipped. She heard the howl again. Why, it must be a strange dog shut into the back cellar which was used only for lumber and had egress to the yard by a small barred but unglazed window. She listened; all was silent. She dared not go alone into that dark, mouse-haunted, spider-hung den. She turned the handle of the laboratory door.

It was locked. Gervaise shouted:

"Who the deuce is there?" and there was a strong smell of anæsthetics.

"Only I, dear," said Cecilia timidly. "I am frightened. Do come upstairs."

"Goodness, Cecilia! What do you want?" he cried. "Go away, I am busy. You can't come here."

She turned away, most of all frightened at his angry voice. Then she heard the dog moan again. The back cellar door was close to her hand, at right angles with the laboratory-door. She pushed it open a little way. It was a very rusty, rickety door, and stuck.

"Come along," she whispered softly. "Poor little fellow. Good dog. Come along."

No imprisoned dog came forth. It must be too badly hurt to move. She gathered her skirts round her waist and stepped stealthily into the dark cellar. It looked an eerie place. She was terrified of mice and spiders; she suspected rats and black-beetles; but she could not let a little dog suffer unattended.

The cellar was not perfectly dark after all. It was lighted, not from the yard, but from the window in the wall that divided it from the laboratory, where Gervaise had electric lights. She could see no dog, and none came at her low call. Then, fainter but nearer, she heard the moan again. It seemed to come from the wall.

Why, the dog was in the laboratory. Gervaise must have found it outside and brought it in to cure. As a doctor, he probably had seen a "case" where, had the dog been well, he would have seen only a cur. She would peep through the window.

Then a shriek rang through the house, and there was a crash—a man's loud shout of angry consternation—a hurrying of frightened servants to the top of the cellar stairs.

Dr. Bartram appeared, carrying his wife.

"She is not much hurt," he explained. "She fell and knocked her head on one of the barrels in the back cellar and fainted. She came to fetch me and insisted on going in there to seek something."

"But the blood, sir!"

"What blood?" He looked at his unconscious wife. Her white dress was stained with blood. Then he looked at his hands. They were drenched in it. "She has grazed herself," he said shortly. "It is nothing serious. I will attend to her. No one need come at present."

He carried her to her bed and laid her there; then went to his own room to wash his hands. The housemaid was astonished

afterwards that so much blood should come from a grase.

He watched alone beside Cecilia until she came to herself. She recognised him with a cry of horror, and hid her face away from him. He left her for the night; he had no further fears; and there was no wound nor grase to dress.

He did not expect to see her in the morning, but he had his plan laid. He would tell her she had dreamt it—or walked downstairs in her sleep, and suffered from an illusion. To his surprise she came to him, pale and stern, looking like a ghost, as he was finishing his breakfast.

"I wish to tell you that I can live in the house no longer," she said steadily.

He tried to carry it off with a laugh. "I am afraid we cannot remove at a day's notice," he said. "It would be awkward for my patients."

"I did not speak of you. I shall never live with you again. You monster!" She looked very determined and perfectly sensible. Worse—she looked hate and vengeance at him. She meant to betray him.

She must be soothed and humored. So long as she kept his secret, no great harm was done. She was sure to have found it out sooner or later; sure to be shocked and sure to come round in time to a common-sense view of the case.

"My own sweet, tender-hearted darling," he said, trying to put his arm round her, though she flung it off with loathing. "Don't be unreasonable. You would have been fifty times more horrified had you peeped into a dissectingroom or even a butcher's killing shop, and yet you know such things must be, for the good of us all. I swear to you that what you saw last night was a mere accident. I haven't had one for years. It is always completely painless. I made a mistake in the quantity of the anæsthetic."

She turned whiter and staggered to a seat. He went on gently:

"Won't you understand that such things must be for the good of the human race? Would you prefer to see one you love die in mortal agony, rather than learn—no—to save him? Why, Cecilia, it is by such an operation alone that May could be saved—that we could find out the secret of her illness and its cure."

"Were you seeking for that last night?"

"No. Unfortunately, that could only be sought in a living human subject and would make one liable to a heavier penalty than I have risked yet. The law would call it murder."

"Oh! if I could only help you to find a cure for May, you might cut me into a thousand pieces at once!" she cried passionately.

He laughed. "You would hardly be ready to give your life for May in that way," he said. Then a strange gleam flashed out of his eyes and the blood rushed to his face for a moment and left it deadly pale. He went out hastily.

Cecilia lay back wearily in her chair. Oh! if she could but die instead of May. Life for her held nothing but horror. Gervase had ceased to love her. Once his fitful passion had blazed out, satiated by possession, he had returned to his first and only love—science, absorbed as wholly by that gruesome mistress as other men are by drink or gambling.

Now the dreary misery of knowing herself unloved gave place to terror of her husband. How hard that May should die—May, who was so happy, who had so much to leave. Why had this dread disease struck her, and not Cecilia who longed for death?

All at once a new resolve took possession of her. She would insist upon Gervase telling her the truth.

Gervase returned presently. He was startled at the change in her face. The horror had gone out of it, and a strange calm possessed it—a cold, awful calm like death.

"Gervase, what is the matter with me?" she asked quietly. He was silent. "I know," she went on. "It is the same illness as May's." He answered only by his silence. "I am at an early stage though," she went on in a curious toneless voice. "I can be operated on."

"An operation would certainly, or almost certainly, be fatal, supposing you were so diseased."

"You once said it would be useful—at this early stage."

"Useful to others, but death to the person experimented upon."

"Useful to May!" She looked eagerly into his face. He turned abruptly from her—not to hide his grief—to hide his grappling with temptation. Was it Satan who murmured sweetly behind him, or an angel?

"My life is quite useless: my death might save a useful life. I must die soon: I have only a few months to give. Surely, I have a right to give them? A soldier has a right to give his life for his country. A man has the right at times to will whether his wife must live or die. It can be managed quite easily. I have thought it all out. Dr. Ellis, who was here yesterday, remarked how ill I looked. Others know it too. You could say I died naturally, or under an operation, and give the certificate yourself. Gervase, does it hurt much? I mean, if you should forget to give the right quantity of anæsthetic?"

The lust of knowledge possessed him, the lust of fame. If he should make this discovery, he would be esteemed the greatest of living surgeons, and his wife might be doomed already. Custom had made him absolutely reckless. He lied to her. He said:

"It might save May—but——"

"It will save May!" she whispered to herself, her white worn face all shining with love. His eyes too glowed, but he had had long practice in managing his features, and when he turned them to her they were only grave and sympathetic.

* * * * * *

He asked Dr. Ellis to come in that afternoon and look at his wife. He described her complaint, not altogether accurately, and said she insisted upon an operation, and that only he should perform it. She was nervous and hysterical, had been for some time full of strange illusions, and Dr. Bartram feared for her mind if she were not humored; still, he would be obliged if Dr. Ellis would remain within reach. . . .

Cecilia confirmed it all; even confirmed unconsciously the unhinged state of her mind, Dr. Ellis thought, as he observed her strange rapt eyes. "Poor thing!" he thought. "She has such exalted confidence in her clever husband. It ought to pull her through . . . but I fear. . . ."

A telegram was brought in. Cecilia had fortunately retired, with that strange bright light on her face, like a halo round her head . . . May was dead.

"No need to tell her," thought Gervase. Would the sacrifice be useless that meant fame to him?

* * * * * *

Yet the world heard, through Dr. Ellis, that the shock of the news had killed her: left her too feeble to rally from the operation. Gervase declared he had not told her, but no doubt she had guessed . . . and he dared not postpone the operation, as her one small chance was to save another day's delay.

Bottles and Long Voyages.—With a view of testing the various ocean currents, a number of bottles have at times been thrown overboard from ships in different parts of the world. Many of these have been recently recovered after performing some surprising journeys.

Thus, one bottle started midway between Great Britain and Greenland. After bobbing about for nearly a thousand miles, it passed Iceland, entered the Greenland Sea, then made a semicircle and went ashore on the northeast Arctic coast of Norway.

Altogether it was adrift for 1,386 days, and traveled 2,100 miles.

A long voyage made in good time was that of a bottle started about 800 miles east of New York, which drifted about seven miles a day, traveling 3,000 miles in 420 days, to the coast of Norway.

Two bottles thrown overboard several hundred miles off the Nova Scotia coast took the transatlantic steamship route and went direct to England.

An erratic course, but following the currents, was that of a bottle started from among the Cape Verde Islands, off the westernmost extremity of Africa. It passed along the north coast of South America, around the western end of Cuba, traveled north along Florida, and stopped on the coast of North Carolina, after a trip of 4,200 miles in 457 days.

In eleven days another bottle reached Brazil from a point 250 miles at sea, having drifted at the rate of over twenty-two miles a day.

Another quick trip was that of one from the western end of Cuba, which was swept along the coasts of Central America and Mexico, and near New Orleans at the rate of over fifteen miles a day, making 1,300 miles in eighty-three days.

But the record for fast drifting is held by a bottle which traveled more than 250 miles off the coast of Newfoundland in five days.

The greatest and most wonderful voyage of all, perhaps, was made by a bottle thrown overboard from the yacht L'Hirondelle July 28th, 1887, and recovered October 6th, 1894. It was cast into the sea several hundred miles east of Newfoundland; traveled towards England, passed southwards along the coast of Spain, and down to the easternmost extremity of Africa, and then went ashore on one of the Bahamas Islands off the coast of Florida.

Altogether it must have drifted during its career about 5,700 miles, and was at sea for 2,625 days, or nearly eight years!

As Worn in Other Lands.—The Portuguese shoe has a wooden sole and heel, with a vamp made of patent leather, fancifully showing the flesh side of the skin.

The Persian footgear is a raised shoe, and is often a foot high. It is made of light wood, richly inlaid, with a strap extending over the instep.

The Algerian shoe in appearance is not unlike the light English clogs. This shoe is made entirely of leather in the simplest form, and usually without any ornamentation.

The Armenian shoe has a leather sole and heel, without a counter and backquarter. The vamp is made of felt, and is beautifully ornamented with needlework, done in colored silk thread.

The Muscovite shoe is hand-woven on a wooden frame, and but little attention is paid to the shape of the foot. Leather is sometimes used, but the sandal is generally made of colored silk cordage and woolen cloth.

The Siamese shoe has the form of an ancient canoe, with a gondola bow and an open top. The sole is made of wood, and the upper of inlaid wood and cloth, and the exterior is elaborately ornamented in colors and with gold and silver.

The Mussulman's shoe is of heavy leather. It is adjusted to the foot by a wide leather strap, which runs from the heel and buckles over the instep. The only ornamentation is the fastening of two feather plumes on the right side of the toe.

The sandal worn by the Egyptians is composed of a sole made by sticking together three thicknesses of leather. This is held to the foot by passing a band across the instep. The sandal is beautifully stitched with threads of different colors.

The Grecian shoe is made almost entirely of leather, and has a thickly padded sole with sharp turn-up toe, which is surmounted by a large ball of colored wool or hair. The shoe is fleece lined, and is gorgeously decorated with beads and ornamental stitching.

The Russian boot is composed of many pieces of morocco in several colors, put together in a shape to please the taste of the wearer or maker. The foot of the boot is made of heavy calf. The whole boot is beautifully embossed with thread in bright colors.

The clog worn by the Japanese is of wood, and, as viewed from the side, is the shape of a boy's sledge. It is fastened to the foot by a string, which passes between the great and second toe, and across the former. A strap, an inch wide and lined with linen, is carried across the instep.

Fantastic.—Persons struck by lightning have had small holes drilled in the skull, but otherwise they were not marked. Victims have been horribly burned, and even dismembered. A stroke of lightning has cut off a man's ear, or shaved his hair and beard clean, and not hurt him in any other way. The markings are often curious. Blue is the common color, but they have been red, green, and black, and occasionally the whole body turns black. Negroes who have been struck by lightning have had their skin bleached in spots to absolute whiteness. One negro struck by lightning found, after he had recovered consciousness, that he had one completely white arm, the rest of his body being the same as usual.

Blindness, deafness, and either total or partial paralysis, are frequent consequences of lightning strokes. Sometimes the lightning selects a single object on a man's person, and assails that without apparently touching the man himself. Coins have been melted until they stuck together in a man's pocket, whilst he suffered no ill consequences. Keys, watches and watch chains, metal cartridges and eyeglass frames have been more or less damaged, whilst the persons wearing them were almost uninjured.

Clothing, too, has been almost demolished without injury to its wearer. Iron locks have been pulled out of shoes, and rubber boots destroyed frequently. The brass eyelets were once torn out of a man's shoes, but he hardly felt the shock.

At Home and Abroad.

Among the French conscripts drawn during the present year were two women, four dwarfs, and one fat man. The women were victims of a registrar's mistake, and their places were drawn for anew. The heights of the four dwarfs were 4 feet 1 inch, 3 feet 9 inches, and 2 feet 6 inches. The fat man turned the scale at 330 pounds, and was rejected as being "useless for military service."

State pride is playing an important part in the building of the new State Capitol at Olympia, Wash. No material except that produced in the State is used in its construction. In the matter of lumber, for whatever purpose, only such as is grown in Washington is to be used. There was considerable fuss a few days ago over the allegation that some Eastern oak was to be used for certain parts of the building. The Governor hastened to assure the agitated people of the State that the rumor was unfounded.

According to a French writer, no fewer than 4000 women were caught stealing during their last year shopping. The number of titled ladies siezed with this strange malady is, he tells us, almost incredible. Among the more recent culprits were a Russian princess, a French countess, an English lady of title and the daughter of a reigning sovereign. As a rule, these more distinguished offenders are let off on payment of a round sum for the relief of the poor, which, when the kleptomaniac is known to be rich sometimes rises to as much as $3,000. The police authorities consent to this sort of condonation.

It is sad to observe the extent to which the artificial influences of the present age are invading the animal kingdom. There are in New York city several dentists who earn their living by making sets of false teeth for dogs: many of the flowing tails of the horses that one sees in Central Park are as false as the back hair of nine-tenths of the fair sex, and now the fact has been brought to light that a considerable number of the most successful racehorses on the British turf are provided with artificial windpipes made of silver, the object being to prevent them from roaring.

In the province of Smolensk, Russia, there is a little State practically governed and inhabited for the greater part of the year by women. The State is about forty miles square and includes a number of villages which formerly belonged to the Convent of Resjukow. The State is known as the "Kingdom of Women," because the male inhabitants emigrate at a certain time each year to seek work in other parts of the Empire, leaving affairs of local government to their better halves. The woman Mayor presides at the communal assemblies, where the women discuss with praiseworthy zeal questions of public interest. The financial condition of the State is said to be excellent, and the women have all the pin money they want.

"It has always seemed to me," says Labouchere in London Truth, "that there is a good deal of humbug about the objections of the bigwigs of the medical world to advertising. Nearly all are guilty of the practice themselves in one way or another, and some are as eager for a newspaper puff as the veriest quack. What an interesting revelation there would be, for instance, if the editors of my daily contemporaries were to disclose the sources of the paragraphs which appear whenever some more or less distinguished personage is ill, and the name of his doctor can be insidiously given the benefit of little publicity! But somehow the heads of the profession have got hold of the idea that what may be right and proper on their part may be wrong and unprincipled on the part of humbler practitioners."

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Our Young Folks.

THE ENCHANTED FOREST.

BY D. K

IT was a beautiful evening. In the woods the birds were singing their good-night song, and in the hollow the rabbits were playing, nibbling a bit here and there, running up the field and down again.

"Why don't we play all day?" said Coney, a young rabbit.

"He's always asking questions," grumbled an old rabbit. "Why don't you stand on your head?" he said to Coney.

"Because I don't think I can;" and Coney began to try that very minute to see if he could stand on his head.

"Why can't I stand on my head?" he said, after a few minutes.

"Look here, my young friend," said the old rabbit, "did you ever hear of Loppety?"

"Never," said Coney.

"You never heard how Loppety went to the enchanted forest?"

"Never," said Coney.

"Ah!" said the old rabbit, "then that accounts for it."

"Do tell me about it," said Coney.

But the old rabbit turned away.

"Ask your mother," he said; "she seems to like answering your questions."

"Mother," said Coney, "who was Loppety? Where is the enchanted forest? What did Loppety do there, and may I go?"

"Coney," said his mother, "Loppety was——"

And then through the wood there sounded the low trill of the night jar.

"Mother?" said a young rabbit; "that means bedtime."

"And bedtime," said Coney, "means story-time. Now I shall hear all about Loppety."

The trill of the night jar sounded again.

"Come," said one rabbit, bobbing his tail up in the air.

"Come," said another, beginning to run.

First one followed, and then another, and then another. The white tails bobbed up and down as the rabbits scampered across the field, and very soon there was not a rabbit to be seen.

Down the hole, through one passage, round a corner, and down a second passage Coney raced after his mother, until at last they reached their own cosy home.

"Now, mother," said Coney, "Loppety and the enchanted forest—please begin."

"Once upon a time," said mother, "there lived in a beautiful home, in a beautiful wood——"

"A rabbit called Loppety," said Coney, "and was he bad? I do hope he was bad."

Mother patted Coney gently.

"He was bad," she said, "and part of his badness was that he would ask too many questions."

"Oh!" said Coney.

"From morning till night, from night till morning, he would ask questions," said mother. "He wanted to know why his tail was so short, and if it would ever grow any longer."

"And what did they tell him?" asked Coney. "My tail is very short, and I should like to know——"

"Coney," said his mother, "if you interrupt——"

"I won't," said Coney.

"And he wanted to know why his ears stood up straight," said mother, "and ever so many more things. Well, his mother tried to answer all his questions, but the other rabbits got very tired of hearing Loppety ask so many questions; and at last one day an old rabbit said very crossly, 'Go and ask the white owl in the enchanted forest she knows every thing.'"

"The white owl in the enchanted forest knows everything," said Coney to himself thoughtfully—so thoughtfully that his mother went on with the story quickly.

"When Loppety heard this," she said, "without saying a word to anyone he left his beautiful home and started out to find the enchanted forest. He asked every bird or beetle or insect that he met the way to the forest, but the old ones shook their heads and would not tell him, and the young ones did not know."

"Poor old Loppety!" said Coney.

"At last, one evening, as he was hiding behind a bush to rest, for he was very tired, he heard two adders talking to one another."

"Wasn't he frightened of the adders?" said Coney.

"He was very frightened at first?" said his mother; "but when he heard the words 'the enchanted forest' he forgot his fright, and listened hard to what the adders were saying. He listened for some time, and then he crept from behind the bush and hurried away."

"Which way did he go?" said Coney.

"The way the adders went," said his mother. "Never mind which way it was; but it was the right way, for he soon found himself in a most wonderful forest. The trees were tall, taller than ordinary trees, and the leaves, instead of being green, were bright red.

"There were flowers of all kinds—spring flowers, summer flowers, and strange flowers that Loppety had never seen before, all growing near one another. The grass was bright red too, and it tasted bitter and sour when Loppety nibbled a little piece.

"Loppety was very frightened, and he had almost made up his mind to run home when, looking round, he saw another rabbit running towards him, and, to his surprise, discovered that it was his own little sister, who had followed him all the way from home."

"And was she frightened too?" asked Coney.

"She was so frightened that she could hardly stand," said his mother. "'Let us go home,' she said to Loppety. But they heard a voice calling through the forest, 'The Queen! the Queen! she comes this way,' and every creature bowed its head.

"Loppety felt that something queer was happening to his ears; but he gave one wild jump into the air and hid behind a bush to see what was happening. The other rabbit took to her legs, and scampered away home."

"And what did happen?" asked Coney. "The Queen rode through the forest on her wonderful bird," said his mother.

"On the white owl, who knows every thing?" said Coney.

"No, on a big, big bird," said his mother; "a bird with long, long legs and big feet, little wings, and a queer helmet on its head.

"Loppety watched from behind the bush, trembling from head to foot. Then, as soon as ever the Queen had passed, he scampered away home as fast as he could.

"When he reached the warren that night he met one of his brothers at the entrance; but when he spoke to him, his brother did not answer, but ran away. In one of the passages he met another rabbit, and the rabbit stared at him, but did not speak. Loppety gave himself a shake, and began to wonder what was the matter. When he met a third rabbit, and the third rabbit shouted at the top of his voice, 'Look at Lop's ears,' Loppety could bear it no longer.

"He ran out of the warren and away through the wood until he came to the little lake. He ran to the water's side and stared into the water.

"His whiskers were all right; his eyes were brighter than ever; but his ears, his beautiful ears, instead of standing straight up in the air, hung down by the side of his head.

"He tried to raise them, but he found he could not do it; he could move them a little, but each time they fell back and lay flat on each side of his head."

Coney sighed a deep, deep sigh.

"As Loppety stood by the water," continued his mother, "an old squirrel came hopping through the wood.

"'Well, where have you been? You look a queer fright!' said the squirrel.

"'Enchanted forest,' muttered Loppety.

"'And your ears bowed down before the Queen,' said the squirrel. 'Well, well, did you ask the white owl your questions? For, of course, no creature risks a visit to the enchanted forest unless he wants to know something very badly.'

"'The white owl?' said Loppety.

"'Didn't you see the white owl perched on the Queen's hand?' said the squirrel.

"'I didn't see the white owl,' began Loppety; 'I was too——"

"The squirrel began to laugh.

"'Excuse me,' she said, 'but, you know, your ears,' and the squirrel ran away, shouting, 'Lop's ears! Lop's ears!'

"And so it was with every creature in the forest. They all stared at Loppety, and some ran away frightened and some laughed; but they all cried as they went, 'Lop's ears! Lop's ears!'

"Loppety bore it as long as he could; then one day he ran away to the farm and crept into an empty box."

"Because a tame rabbit?" cried Coney. "Bah! Horrible!"

"And though the people petted him at the farm," said mother, "they talked about his ears, and called him Lop eared instead of Loppety."

"And all through going to the forest," said Coney.

"His children and grandchildren are tame rabbits," said mother, "and they are all called Lop-eared."

"Mother," said Coney, who was not listening, "which is the way to the forest?"

"Coney," said his mother, "think a minute. What brought trouble to Loppety?"

"The enchanted forest," said Coney.

"But what took him to the forest—how did he hear of it?" said mother.

"By asking ques——" began Coney.

"Too many questions," said his mother.

"Too—many—" said Coney; "but, mother, why didn't——"

Then there was silence. The story was finished, and Coney had fallen asleep.

IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.—In all countries in Europe a man is not permitted to become naturalized unless he can show that he is both respectable and moral; that he has resided in the land of his adoption a certain number of years; and that he is ready to renounce the country of his birth—his native land.

Nearly everywhere service in a foreign army confers the rights of naturalisation upon the alien soldier. An Irishman fighting for France might, if he liked, claim the status of a Frenchman.

In France a boy born on French soil of parents, one of whom may be English but born in France, is regarded as French, and is liable to conscription. He might perchance have to fight against his own brother if England and France ever went to war, because if the brother were born in England, not even an Anglo-French father could make him French.

An Englishman who wishes to turn himself into a Frenchman must reside on the other side of the Channel for ten years without interruption.

But an easier way, after a year's residence in France, is to marry a French woman, or to render some signal service to the state, either in the army or in the creation of some industrial or agricultural enterprise.

In England naturalisation may be granted to a Frenchman after five years' residence.

Negroes as well as white men may be naturalized in the United States; but Chinamen are strictly excluded from such privilege.

As for the redskins, they may become Americans on the conditions that they are not pure nomads, and that they pay taxes and have been born on United States territory.

Strangers who seek to change their nationality in America must show that they have lived there for five years at least. They are obliged to renounce any title of nobility to which they have the right in their own country.

For instance, before a duke could become a Yankee citizen he would have to be content with a plain surname and Christian name.

By naturalisation in America the stranger escapes all the duties which his own country would have imposed upon him, and especially military service.

To change one's nationality in Russia is not at the command of every purse. The first condition is that you should be a landowner for five years at shortest.

TOO GENEROUS.—An Irishman, evidently suffering from toothache, entered a well-known dentist's in Birmingham the other day.

"Ooh, docther darlint," he exclaimed, "it's ye're the bhoy to fetch painless teeth out O! believe I"

"Not exactly," smiled the dentist. "I undertake to extract teeth in a painless manner."

"Arrah, an' its the same thing entoirely," said Pat, sitting down and opening his mouth. "Pull away, thin"

At the other's request, Pat indicated what he believed to be the troublesome molar. A glance, however, was sufficient to convince the dentist that it would be necessary to extract at least three of his visitor's teeth before any relief could be expected.

Pat, however, objected to what he termed "wholesale thrade."

"Ye can 'ave wan av' em, doctor," he exclaimed; "an' ye may 'ave your choice."

"But, my man," said the dentist persuasively, "to take one out would, I'm afraid, make matters worse. You had better let me have the three"

Pat rose from his seat, seized his hat, and glared at the dentist indignantly—

"Be Jabers, docthor," he exclaimed, "it's too greedy ye are. Ye'll have niver a wan now. This isn't a conthract job, an' if iver Oi require yer sarvices agin, sure Oi'll send ye me head by parcelspost an' ye can return it at yer own convanience. Good mornin'"

And Pat strode from the establishment, forgetting his sufferings in his indignation.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The total cost of the Civil War was $8,189,924,299.

There are nearly 3000 theatres in the United States; only 1537 in all Europe.

At least 1,000,000 men, women and children die of starvation every year in India.

The London Times estimates that the "aristocracy" of Britain includes 14,000 persons.

America—North and South—has the largest area of any country in the world except Asia.

Over 800 British criminals have been executed in England since the accession of Queen Victoria.

When the English sparrow hawk is flying toward its dinner it cleaves space at the rate of 150 miles an hour.

There is one billionaire family in the world, the Rothschilds, whose combined wealth is estimated at $1,000,000,000.

The business of producing silk may be prosecuted with success all over the Middle and Southern States of this country.

It is announced that a French naturalist has invented an instrument, which he terms a "glossometer," for measuring the tongues of bees.

Some of the British steamship companies employ more men than are enlisted in some of the second-class European navies. The Cunard Line employs 10,000.

If all the telegraph lines of the world were combined and stretched in one straight line they would reach 881,000 miles, or enough to encircle the earth thirty three times.

A red object is not nearly so visible at a distance as one of white. A red globe a foot in diameter can be perceived clearly only a distance of 2000 feet, and a blue globe a little further.

Through the labors of Amen Jung Hin Chun, an intelligent Christian Chinaman of Pittsburg, a Chinese Young Men's Christian Association is soon to be organized in the Smoky City.

French "paste," from which artificial diamonds are made, is composed of a mixture of glass and oxide of lead. Rubies, pearls and sapphires are also successfully imitated by the Parisians.

In St. Petersburg every bicyclist is bound to have affixed to the back of the machine a metal plate, on which the registered number is inscribed in the event of the rider being summoned to be kept in a considerable distance.

A recent expert report of the extent of the anthracite coal fields in the United States places their contents at 11,021,000,000 tons. The annual production averages 53,000,000 tons, at which rate the supply would last some 205 years.

The largest sum paid for a single novel is said to have been 250,000, to Alphonse Daudet for "Sappho," published in 1884. Big sums were paid for "Les Miserables," which was published in ten languages.

A farmer near Atherton, Mo., is buying up potatoes at ten cents a bushel and feeding them to his hogs. He says potatoes can be had at this price, and that for fattening purposes they are finer than corn, especially at the price at which he is buying.

Ballington Booth's new army has made two changes already, both for the better. The organization is now called the "American Volunteers," simply, instead of "God's American Volunteers," and the color of the uniform has been changed from brown to dodot blue.

The 5-year-old son of a doctor in Monte Vista, Col., played doctor with his 3-year-old sister one day last week. He imitated the things he had seen his father do, and proposed to give his patient a dose of medicine. He took a phial from a shelf and forced his sister to swallow its contents. The bottle contained morphine, and the little patient died from its effects.

There are in Arizona 10,000,000 acres of desert land capable of reclamation to agriculture through irrigation. Already some 907,000 acres have been reclaimed, and are bearing profitable crops of various kinds, and various enterprises are now under way, which it is expected will in the next two years insure the reclamation of almost 2,000,000 acres more.

An Anti-Squirrel Convention is to be held in Spokane, Wash., on May 15, which will be attended by delegates from all county boards in Eastern Washington. The purpose of the Convention is to make united and determined efforts to exterminate the ground squirrel, which annually destroy grain and other crops in that region to the value of several hundred thousand dollars.

The town of Wenatchee, Wash., is to be moved two miles from its present location to a point on the bank of a river. It is a pretty fair-sized town, too. All the buildings will be moved in the usual way to the new location. There is not an adequate supply of water where the town now stands, and in addition the citizens are incensed at the avarice of the owners of the present town site, who have raised the price of property at a very high figure.

LOYAL TO DUTY.

BY LOUISE MALCOM BURTON.

Some hearts are so loyal to duty,
E'en Death, has no terrors for them,
Temptations of gold, or of beauty,
They abhor, and even condemn.

They are pure, as the pearls of the ocean,
And bright as the stars in the skies,
E'en thro' all earth's wildest commotion
Their courage and faith never dies!

AN ODD WEAPON.

The boomerang, long associated as a weapon with the natives of Australia, is always made of the hardest and heaviest wood obtainable, and for this purpose a certain species of acacia is commonly chosen. A natural crook is invariably selected, which is trimmed to the proper dimensions and further toughened by exposure to fire. The size and shape vary greatly, and what is quite remarkable no two are ever exactly alike. The length varies from 18 to 36 inches, the width from 2 to 3 inches.

The crook or curve varies, according as the implement is designed for returning to the thrower or not, for, contrary to the common belief, all boomerangs do not have a backward flight. The different kinds may be divided into three classes, as follows: One, large and but very slightly curved, used exclusively in warfare; another, of similar shape, but lighter, for hunting, and a third, used mainly for pastime, still smaller and lighter, with more of an "elbow"—often nearly a right angle. The latter class alone return to the thrower, the former two being used for a straight throw and delivering a paralyzing blow.

One side of the boomerang is flat, and the other slightly convex, the latter being often elaborately carved. The edges all around are sharpened, to overcome resistance to the air when thrown, and the whole is highly polished, for the same reason. All taper slightly toward the ends, which are either round or pointed.

In throwing the boomerang of the third class, it is grasped by one end, with the curve toward the thrower and the slightly convex side uppermost. As it is brought forward (generally over the shoulder) it leaves the hand in nearly a perpendicular plane, which gradually becomes horizontal.

At the last moment a peculiar rotary as well as progressive jerk is imparted to it, and the missile speeds away like a bird to a distance of forty to fifty yards or more, rotating rapidly and rising in the air.

From this point it sometimes returns directly to the thrower's feet or passes over his head to the rear; at others it returns to within a short distance of the thrower, and then, rising again, repeats its first flight, on a smaller scale, before finally falling to the ground near the starting point.

It requires much practice to throw the boomerang with skill and accuracy. In the hands of an inexperienced person it is quite apt to return and hit him in the head, unless he is good at dodging! Indeed, none but an expert can tell where it is likely to fall.

The native performs almost incredulous feats with this insignificant-looking instrument. From long and constant practice, he is enabled to calculate with astonishing certainty the course and length of its flight and where it will end. He can even hit one object which is concealed behind another; this is accomplished by throwing the boomerang so that it will go over or past the intervening obstruction and return by a back stroke to the desired mark.

The native is also expert at hitting an object while he is standing with his back toward it, throwing the implement in front with such nice calculation that it returns to his rear with great accuracy and force. While the "returning" kind is commonly used for pastime, it is also employed to some extent in hunting.

One cannot form an adequate idea of the wonderful and eccentric flight of the boomerang unless he is an eye-witness to its various performances in the hands of a skillful thrower. Its long continued and erratic movements seem to be independent of the common law of gravitation.

We can partially account for its flight by considering that the air impinges on the convex side of the rapidly revolving missile and causes it to gradually ascend; just as a raft with one side straight and the other side bulging will constantly veer to the latter side. But it is not so easy to explain the successive rises of the boomerang, or its continued flight after the propelling force is spent.

From the discovery of this curious implement, much interest has been manifested by scientific men in all parts of the world regarding its mechanical theory. According to some, an agreement has never been arrived at; indeed, more than one scientist has declared it impossible to solve the entire problem.

SECURE FROM DUNS.—There are many persons who will envy the privilege which royalty enjoys of not being dunned for tradesmen's bills. The great Parisian dressmakers in particular make a point of never sending in any account to their royal and imperial customers, unless specially requested to do so. At the same time, all sorts of clever artifices and devices are adopted to remind customers of this exalted rank—without appearing to do so—that money is due and payments desirable.

Some of the scions of royalty are very punctilious and exact about their payments, especially the Princess of Wales; but very different from her Royal Highness is the Dowager Queen of Portugal, who is perennially hard up, in spite of the large allowances she receives from the Portuguese and Italian civil lists. Her tradesmen at Paris, whence she gets all her clothes, have often to wait years for their money.

The members of the Russian Court are very exact and unquestioning in their payments; and so, too, is Queen Margaret of Italy, her punctiliousness in this respect being due to her husband, King Humbert, who still suffering from the disastrous effects of the insane extravagance of his father, Victor Emmanuel, is careful to incur as few bills as possible.

This immunity from duns does not extend to royal personages whose families have been deprived of their thrones, or who are compelled to prefix an "ex" to their title.

Thus, ex-King Milan of Servia is constantly being dunned and sued, while ex-Queen Isabella of Spain every now and again gets into difficulties with her Parisian tradesmen.

Grains of Gold.

In all things it is better to hope than to despair.

Hate burns longest and fiercest whose fires are kindled by envy.

Good advice and timely assistance alleviate much human suffering.

It is hard to understand how a grateful man can be a stingy one.

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.

To be contented with what we have, is about the same as to own the earth.

About the poorest business a Christian can engage in, is borrowing trouble.

Some of the hungriest people in the world are those who have the most wealth.

Suppose there are hypocrites in the church; does that make your sinning any safer?

Justice is, in the mind, a condition analogous to good health and strength in body.

The character of a man is found by weighing his acts, not by listening to his speech.

With many readers, brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought. They mistake buttercups in the grass for immeasurable gold mines under ground.

Femininities.

Ethel: What did you do when he proposed? May: I lost my self-possession at once.

The New Woman may be recognized by her preference for creating a sensation rather than a home.

There are over 21,000,000 widows in India, and a large proportion of them are under nine years of age.

There is a pastor in Russiaville, Ind., who boasts the name of the Rev. Orange Vandever Lemon Harbor.

A Walkerville, Mont., woman cleaned up $4 worth of gold from the craws of three chickens a few days ago.

Fried shrimps and grasshoppers are sold in the markets of Mexico; both are cooked whole and so eaten.

Every girl believes that most of the married women she knows are unhappy. Yet for all that she is willing to experiment.

"Your daughter has had a great many admirers." "Oh, yes; she puts nearly all her window curtains on the rods with her old engagement rings."

Twenty per cent. of all women who become of marriageable age do not marry and about 60 per cent. of the college women who are marriageable do not embrace marriage.

A Baltimore woman who went abroad to find a fortune to which she believed she was the heir has returned, and it seems almost unnecessary to say that she returned in the steerage.

School teaching seems to be the most popular of all the fields that are open to college women. In 1890 there were in the United States 737 women who were professors in colleges and universities.

"Wait till next year, Clarence," suggested the elderly maiden to the youthful admirer who was pressing his suit with great ardor. "If I say 'yes' now everybody will think I did the proposing."

The Prince of Wales has not yet dared to trust himself on a bicycle; indeed, he has some difficulty in managing a tricycle. When riding up-hill near Sandringham recently His Highness fell over backward.

It was an incorrigible old bachelor who said, "Though some very romantic maiden may exclaim, 'Give me a hut with a heart that I love,' most of the sex vastly prefer a palace with the man they hate."

"Look me in the face, sir!" He raised his eyes thoroughly until they were directed to her countenance. "Now, sir, deny, if you dare, that you married me for money." "I really think it must have been your money," he faltered.

A peculiar accident happened recently to a pretty stenographer of Alliance, Ohio. A celluloid comb in her hair exploded while she was sitting before a grate fire; her hair was nearly all burned off and her scalp severely blistered.

Not content with mere expressions of sympathy for Armenia, the Wellesley College girls have agreed to do without butter for a month if the faculty will give the butter money to the cause of Armenia. This is certainly sympathy of the practical sort.

One of the best mining experts in Arizona is a woman, and another woman expert in the same line is Mrs. Clara Wood, of Klamath, Ore. She is said to know more about the mineralogy of the Klamath river than any other person, and her knowledge has a high commercial value to her.

When ex-Senator Sawyer's daughters were little girls their father promised to make them a handsome present when they were able to cook him a satisfactory dinner. Ten years later they reminded him of the promise and served him a dinner with which he had not the least fault to find. That same day the Senator gave each one of the young women a check for $25,000.

It is one of the Empress of Austria's latest peculiarities to bring cows home from every foreign place where she stays for some time. She brought a cow, in the spring, from Corfu, and has recently taken a little Hungarian cow with her from Bartfeld. All these animals are despatched to the Empress's own farm, and she asks for the milk of a particular cow when the fancy takes her.

"How fallacious some of these proverbs are," remarked the sagacious man; "take, for example, that one about there being nothing new under the sun." "Is there anything really new?" said his wife. "Of course there is; don't you read the papers? Don't those X rays enable you to take a man and see right through him?" "Yes, William, dear," she answered gently; "but any woman could do that before X rays were even thought of."

A remarkable succession of misfortunes occurred recently in the Irving family of Oldtown, Me. Not long ago the old homestead burned down, leaving the family with but a shed for shelter. Two of the sisters moved into a store and started a millinery business. The store was burned down, and they lost all they had. Soon after that three women members of the family were thrown from a boat in Pushaw stream, directly opposite their home and drowned. A week or so since two other sisters belonging to the family were murdered in Oldtown.

Masculinities.

Definition of eternity—Just lend me your umbrella for five minutes.

How would it do for a man to go into court and establish his sanity on the day he draws his will?

A New York paper affirms that 34 women have captured burglars in that city since January 1.

The man who claims that the world owes him a living has usually no other assets worth mentioning.

Johnny: Say, what's a philosopher, anyhow? Tommy: A philosopher's a man who don't care a durn.

It is estimated that of the 90,000 paupers of London, two-thirds are able-bodied and capable of working.

The man who has the most advice to give away does not generally look as if he had done himself much good with it.

It is a striking fact that a bad memory for debts is very frequently accompanied by a remarkably good memory for faces.

Brown: Why is it that Black has got such a lot of friends? White: Well, you see, there are so few folk that really know him."

A woman clerk in the Memphis post-office has been arrested for embezzling $900. It is not the first time a female has robbed the mails.

One of the things that need explanation is why a man who shaves his beard will buy artificial hair for his head in case baldness overtakes him?

"Yoh nebber yet," said Uncle Eben, "could fin' er man so stingy dat he ain't willin' ter share his loafin' time wif somebody dat's really busy.

A Toronto man walked into a hardware store, asked to see some revolvers, selected one, and shot himself with it without paying for the weapon.

There is only one thing for a man to do when he finds himself married to a woman who enjoys spending money, and that is to learn to enjoy earning it.

Wife: You are an idiot, really. Husband: I know it. Anybody but an idiot would have known enough to accept your first rejection of my proposal as final!

It should be an occasion of great rejoicing to the neighbors when the oldest girl of a family marries; the oldest girl usually owns the piano, and takes it with her.

Woman of the world, to youthful admirer: You seem to know a great deal about married life. Are you married? Youthful admirer, with a blase air: No—but my father is!

American sailor: I was shipwrecked in mid-ocean, and nearly died of thirst. German-American landsman: I gan sympathize mit you. Vonce I vas railroad-wrecked in a prohibition state.

A Kansas man has discovered that brandy can be made out of wet elm sawdust. Now a discouraged Prohibitionist asks what chance can a good cause have when a man can go forth with a ripsaw and get a drunk on a rail fence.

Foreign visitor: Many of you Americans have distinguished ancestors, yet you never mention them. Why is that? American citizen: It's this way. While we are poor we are ashamed to boast; when we get rich we don't need ancestors.

Maud and her George were in the parlor, and Maud's father was laying down his political tenets to Maud's George. "I tell you," he exclaimed, "we don't want any third party here!" "That is it precisely, papa," replied Maud; "a third party is provoking anywhere." Maud's father withdrew from the field.

The King of Portugal, who recently visited England, has twelve names, some of them compound ones. As for his titles they are reminiscent of the ancient glories of his nation, being bestowed upon the Braganza family when Portuguese seamen were the first navigators of the world. First, he is the King of Portugal and Algarves, then Prince of Africa and Lord of the Navigation and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, India, and many other places.

The Prince of Naples, heir to the throne of Italy, whose betrothal has recently been announced, is a dark-eyed, slim-built, fragile-looking youth of six and twenty. He wears a single eyeglass and dresses otherwise after the English fashion. The prince is an accomplished linguist, and, because of his extraordinarily retentive memory, is looked upon as a sort of royal encyclopædia. He has the demeanor of a mature man of the world and the enthusiasm and freshness of a boy.

Paderewski's home is in Paris, near the house that Victor Hugo occupied. In his domestic life the great pianist has had much sorrow. His wife died some years ago, leaving him an only child who is a hopeless invalid. This little boy occupies himself on his couch by the study of languages, and although only twelve years old can already speak three or four more or less fluently. When Paderewski is in Paris his greatest pleasure is to take a walk along the Champs Elysees with his little son in a bath-chair by his side.

Latest Fashion Phases.

As befits spring headgear, flowers bud and blossom on every hat. Nature furnishes models for their form, but the artisan is wholly responsible for the coloring, which, to say the least, is often unique. Fashion governs taste, however, and extravagant effects are patronized.

Ribbons are used in great profusion, in large bows, choux and otherwise. Persian and Dresden ribbons are the novelties. In the latter the designs are strictly floral and in the former scrolls, palm leaves or some indefinable patterns are shown, while in both classes the warp is printed and the colors seem to melt into each other. Foliage unaccompanied by flowers is fashionable as a decoration for hats and in the coloring various shades are assembled as in ribbons. In wings and quills the same principle is followed. Ostrich feathers are seen, but just now flowers are in the ascendant. How long this fashion will continue, however, it would be difficult to predict, popular fancy being even more fickle in the matter of hats than of gowns. Tinted lace—that is, lace in cream and butter tones will again grace hats and nearly always a jeweled buckle or pin will shimmer in its folds.

Fancy straw braids and lace straws in all colors are seen in the new French hats, and there is every reason to believe that they will come into vogue. High crowns have returned to favor. In brims both the drooping and flaring effects are noted, but in most instances modistes modify brims to suit the faces of the wearers, a bend or lift often being sufficient to change the aspect of the hat.

The early spring blossoms have scarcely pushed their way through the snow, yet in the shops summer seems to be at its height, for the counters are laden with goods for warm weather wear which prudent women are wont to make up in advance of the season. In challies there is a radical change. In a new challie the ground is cream, and upon it are printed conventionalized palm leaves, such as are seen in Paisley shawls, the shawl colors being also faithfully copied. The pattern has woven stripes of intense blackness, or serpentine lines representing narrow black lace. Fern leaves in cachemire colors are printed on white grounds, with fine effect. One dainty white challie is showered with minute red and blue crosses.

Among grass linens there are marvelous creations. Some are satin striped, others are embossed with natural looking silk flowers, and yet others are wrought with flowers in chine effect, the device being seemingly veiled by a layer of some diaphanous stuff so blurred and indistinct does it appear to the eye. Plain and lace-striped linens are also fashionable. Colored batiste robes are finished with Renaissance lace. Silk ginghams studded with small dots of irregular shape are now in the natural linen color and will make up very prettily.

Organdies and Swisses are scattered with flowers that are true to nature in coloring and form. There are also dainty lawns and dimities striped, flowered and dotted, which will be made up for morning wear at the seashore or in the country in midsummer. Shirt waists—and there will be no abatement in their popularity—will be fashioned from gingham, chambray and zephyr cloth for wear with the outing suit which appears in some new and smart form with the coming of each spring.

A modal gown recently imported was of navy blue over a shot-green silk, the latter appearing through the transparent drawn lines of the check. The somewhat wide skirt was trimmed with a narrow zig-zag ruche of green moire, the latter also constituting the material for a broad swathed band round the waist. A small vest of the same green moire was finished with a white satin collar studded with tiny emeralds. On the wide lapels and full front piece of the bodice was arranged an elegant applique of real lace.

Equally charming, though perhaps not quite so striking, was a costume of quite a different tone of blue, one might almost call it cornflower, a color which will probably be very popular in the coming month. The material was a sort of thick woolly grenadine. The make of the costume was simple in the extreme, the new wrinkled sleeve and tucked vest to match being the salient features. The vest was shaped with a becoming V in the front, and was finished with two charming little black satin rosettes at the shoulders, the full bodice piece disappeared in a becoming manner into a wide ruched band of black satin, which fastened at the back with a finishing touch of rosettes. The skirt of this belonged in style to the early Victorian period, for it actually had narrow pipings of black satin.

All fashion letters from abroad describe the voluminous sleeve as already a thing of the past. It can hardly yet be said to have departed from us, however, for some of the newest models show generous fulness still about the upper arm. Undoubtedly that ugly covering up of the elbow with a great wad of material which blurs all the pretty outlines of a woman's waist is already a thing of the past, but we are still wide-winged about the shoulders. This, however, in the natural law of evolution, will pass away this summer, and next fall all the newspaper jokes will be about the tightness of our sleeves. But it will take at least a season to bring the revolution about in all completeness.

As to skirts, prognostications still conflict, and it is difficult even to discern the tendency; they are still wide, but all show slight adventitious ornamentation in the way of piping, ruchings, or flounces. The natural evolution of fashion is still further illustrated by the combination of two contrasting colors on the outside of the skirt. A short while ago, although two contrasting colors were employed, one was on the inside and the other on the outside surface of the garment.

Oriental stuffs furnish models both for the devices and coloring of some of the choicest of the season's creations in trimmings as well as fabrics. The conventionalized palm design appears repeatedly in its ordinary form and in divers variations, with refined color harmonies. Passementeries, mousseline, silk and net band and other styles of trimming have the Persian or Cachemire color effects produced by spangles, beads, silk embroideries and other interesting means. Gold is a feature of most of these trimmings, and appears in many forms.

Rarely pretty conceits are shown in passementeries in which fine beads, cabochons, both large and small, and spangles are commingled. The patterns are very open and thus afford an excuse for the introduction of color beneath. Running vines, graceful sprays of flowers, scrolls and palms are among the popular designs in jet passementeries. These decorations are wonderfully light, notwithstanding the mass of beads employed in their construction, and are highly effective either upon backgrounds of silk or of wool.

An example of the reigning fancy for Oriental effects is offered in a certain specimen showing a palm-leaf design in colored beads in a setting of jet beads. Such a trimming would enliven a gown of black crepon or grenadine. Medallions are strewn with brilliant jet cabochons and are variously shaped, and in the matter of arrangement many charming and original effects are seen. There are also separable passementeries in attractive patterns, for which modistes find many uses.

An exquisite gold trimming very like lace is studded with minute gilt spangles and provides a choice decoration for a dressy bodice of white chiffon or silk. Gold loses its garish effect when brought in contact with white.

Mousseline bands, both in black and white, are veritable works of art. Delicate embroideries are wrought upon some with gold and colored threads in palm-leaf and other patterns, and others form the foundations for applique embroideries of unusual richness, both in coloring and design.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

The "instantaneous" chocolates and cocoas are greatly improved by being brought to the boiling point.

To remove a grease spot from wall paper hold a piece of blotting paper over the spot with a hot flat iron for a few moments.

Woodwork and floors are now stained with a color called forest green. It harmonizes with draperies and coverings of almost any color.

After the juice has been squeezed from lemons the peel may be utilized for cleaning brass. Dip it in common salt and scour with powdered brick dust.

According to a wholesale furniture dealer the best furniture polish is made of one-third alcohol and two-thirds sweet oil. Apply it with a soft cloth and rub with another cloth.

Clinkers may be removed from grates and ranges by throwing half a dozen oyster shells into the fire when the coal is aglow and cover them with fresh coal. The clinkers are made soft by this means and are easily disposed of.

If small branches of lilacs, apple or cherry trees are now brought into the house and put in a sunny window in a pitcher of water the buds will soon swell and blossom. The pitcher should be kept filled, as the water evaporates rapidly.

Silver or plated articles should be daily washed in hot soap and water, and dried well with a soft cloth. After this they should be rubbed with a chamois leather; this done carefully, they will require little or no cleaning with pastes or powder.

To Remove Hoarseness.—Dip a piece of flannel in brandy or whisky, and apply it to the throat or chest with a piece of warm, dry flannel over it. It will frequently cure hoarseness caused by cold.

Worms in wood may be removed by washing the article over with a strong solution of carbolic acid.

To prevent drain pipes from stopping, pour a hot solution of potash down every month.

A cut onion left in a room newly painted will prevent greatly, if not entirely, the offensive odor of the paint.

Chocolate Vienna Style.—Use four ounces of vanilla chocolate, one quart of milk, three tablespoonfuls of hot water and one tablespoonful of sugar. Cut the chocolate in fine bits. Put the milk on the stove in the double-boiler, and when it has been heated to the boiling point put the chocolate, sugar and water in a small iron or graniteware pan and stir over a hot fire until smooth and glossy. Stir this mixture into the hot milk, and beat well with a whisk. Serve at once, putting a tablespoonful of whipped cream in each cup and then filling up with the chocolate. The plain chocolate may be used instead of the vanilla extract and three generous tablespoonfuls of sugar instead of one.

To Cover Jam Pots.—When the jam or jelly has become quite cold, dip tissue paper or kitchen paper either in hot milk or in the white of an egg, let it get fairly saturated, but do not keep it in the liquid long, or it will break. Gently strain the paper over the top edges of the pot, press it into shape at the sides, and you will find in a few hours the paper will become firm like a piece of parchment. It effectually excludes the air.

Old Corks.—These should not be thrown away, as they are useful for lighting fires.

To Polish Black Marble.—Wash with a sponge, cold water, and soap, dry it well with a soft linen cloth, afterwards rub the marble over with a piece of woolen cloth on which is spread some pure white wax. If the marble is in bad condition, it will probably require one or two hours' rubbing to restore the polish.

Potato Poultices.—In cases of ear or faceache a potato poultice is most comforting; it retains heat a long time, and is never moist nor wet. The plan is to wash the potatoes and boil them in their skins till quite done, when strain and dry them, put them into a flannel bag, which tack across the top, and crush them with a wooden spoon or potato-crusher; apply very hot to the affected part. They may be reheated a second or third time.

Eau Sedative, Cure for Headache.—Put a handful of salt into a quart of water, add 1 oz spirits of hartshorn, and ½ oz camphorated spirits of wine. Put them quickly into a bottle and cork tightly to prevent the escape of the spirit. Soak a piece of rag in the mixture, and apply it to the head; wet the rag afresh as soon as it gets heated. It will be found to be very comforting, especially if the headache proceeds from tiredness or nervousness.

To Clean White Felt Hats.—Put powdered magnesia or arrowroot on the hats, rubbing carefully with a new tooth-brush. This removes marks of rain or dirt. Then rub on some of either, mixed with a little cold water, not too thick; continue rubbing in with the brush till quite white, then hang out to dry.

Mutton Stewed with Pickles.—Remove a portion of the fat of a cold roast loin of mutton. Place the mutton in a stewpan, with a cupful of gravy, a sprinkle of cayenne, two teaspoonfuls of pickle vinegar, one of soy, one of mushroom catsup, and a cupful of mixed pickles. Simmer the whole for an hour. Skim off the fat, and serve.

Pommes Duchesse.—Bake or boil ten or twelve large floury potatoes, press them through an American potato squasher, mix them with two ounces of butter, four whole eggs, a little salt, and a spoonful of finely minced parsley. Shape this paste into little balls lightly in your well floured hands, and toss them in plenty of hot butter in a frying pan. Serve very hot.

R R R

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL CURE

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Cripple, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Ease.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or mucous membranes.

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CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need anyone SUFFER WITH PAIN.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal pains.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Radway's Pills

MILD BUT EFFECTIVE

Purely vegetable, not without pain, elegantly coated, tasteless, small and easy to take. Radway's Pills assist nature, stimulating to healthful activity the liver, bowels and other digestive organs, leaving the bowels in a natural condition without any bad after effects.

CURE

Sick Headache, Female Complaints, Biliousness, Constipation, Piles

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All Liver Disorders

RADWAY'S PILLS cause perfect digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity.

Price 25c Per Box. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., Lock Box 365, New York, for Book of Advice.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

One of the most interesting novels published for many a day is "A Woman Intervenes" by Robert Barr who has already quite a number of excellent books to his credit. A lot of very striking characters are introduced, including a dashing woman reporter. The plot which turns on the possession of an American silver mine teems with spirit. Just two minutes before everything may turn for the worse a woman intervenes and while thus bringing an end to an exceedingly satisfactory story also furnishes a title for it. Nicely printed and bound. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York. For sale by Wanamaker.

"A Tale of Two Nations" by W. H. Harvey, the celebrated free-silver advocate is a remarkably interesting and original novel in which by an ingenious plot he clearly elucidates his money theories and tells a fine story at the same time. Published at Chicago.

That splendid publication, "Music," for March is again freighted with a most entertaining and valuable lot of matter of much value to all interested in the divine art of melody. No work of its kind, better gotten up materially or more carefully edited is issued anywhere. Published at Chicago.

"I Married a Wife," by the popular author John Strange Winter, is the latest issue in the neat and popular Twentieth Century Series of choice novels. It is a most charming tale of which the plot turns on the identity of twin sons. Beautifully printed, bound and illustrated. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York. For sale by Coates & Co.

Ginn & Co., educational publishers of Boston, have published in their series of Classics For Children a nicely printed and handy edition of the great Oriental story The Adventures of Hatim Tai a work long renowned for its style and interest resembling those of The Arabian Nights.

The Health Culture Company, New York have issued a popular edition of their work "Ye Thoroughbred" which those interested in sociology may find valuable reading.

LORDS, LADIES, AND LARCENY.

NOT long ago an English clergyman was prosecuted for stealing large quantities of prayer books and hymn books from a certain extensive emporium. His plan of campaign was exceedingly simple.

He brought with him a small portmanteau, which he deposited. He then loaded himself with spoils, and unloaded them into the portmanteau. This manœuvre he repeated until the portmanteau was full.

The writer of this article consulted one of the principal directors of the emporium in question, and was informed that the loss by thefts came to quite a considerable amount in the year.

At one time there had been a considerable annual loss of sealskins—ladies' mantles—which were stolen by customers. The thefts were effected in the following way. The customer came in at one door, tried on various sealskins, found fault with them, and sent the attendant to bring more.

Then she slipped on the one she liked best, and walked away by the second door.

In order to stop this it was necessary to close up the second door and place detectives behind peep holes at the remaining door. Their business was to mentally photograph all who went in and their apparel as well.

Several people had been stopped, and under threat of exposure obliged to sign confessions of theft.

They were all ladies, and one of them was a lady of high rank. As a rule, the directors preferred not to prosecute, but they were obliged now and then to make an example. It was noticeable that the question of kleptomania was never raised except in a prosecution.

Where the matter was arranged privately, the guilty always seemed quite conscious that they had committed theft, and were ready to acknowledge it in writing to save exposure.

The secretary of one of the principal clubs observed on this subject that some curious cases of theft by members had come under his experience. In one instance a man of very high rank had stolen a fur coat belonging to another member.

At first he had asserted that he had mistaken it for his own, but when it was pointed out to him that his own was an ordinary blue overcoat and this was a heavy fur coat worth about $200 he became silent. Eventually he was allowed to remove his name from the club list, and there the matter ended.

The writer's informant added that there appeared to be no sense of honor on the subject of umbrellas among people who were presumed to be gentleman.

Thefts of the latter and of walking-sticks were by no means uncommon. The idea of mistake was precluded by the fact that in every case the article left behind was much inferior to that taken away.

A lady who goes about a great deal says that there is a lamentable want of honesty on the part of her sex with regard to wraps.

On one occasion, at a fashionable reception, where everyone was supposed to be in the very best society, she lost a valuable wrap, trimmed with the costliest fur, which she left in the cloak room.

She made a great fuss, but all that was eventually found in its place was a well-worn affair trimmed with the cheapest fur and of an entirely different color.

The same lady stated that once at the Queen's drawing room, while the ladies were passing through the rooms, she saw a diamond ornament fall from a lady's head and roll down her dress, where it was caught in some trimming. She then saw another woman, who was standing behind, take it off the owner's dress and conceal it in her hand.

She pressed indignantly towards the victim of this barefaced theft, but at that moment there came a desperate charge of some heavy, stout ladies, and she was swept away.

If in the palace one is not secure from the hand of the thief, it is perhaps not surprising that the Royal Enclosure at Ascot offers no security to owners of portable property.

Putting aside the innumerable jewels which are dropped there and never found again in spite of much advertising, there was a recent case in which a gentleman left a new racing-coat and a pair of field-glasses on a chair to "keep it" for a few minutes. When he returned, coat and glasses were both gone.

At first he thought that somebody might have taken them to the cloak room, but they were not there. Nor did advertising produce any result. The unusual part of this theft was that there was no pretence of exchange, no possibility of pleading mistake. The thief must have gone down without coat or glasses, and simply "lifted" both. One wonders how he accounted for his new possessions to his friends.

Accident revealed a curious case of habitual theft by a man of high position. He "took" a very handsome umbrella from a fashionable reception, leaving an inferior one in its place. As it happened, the stolen umbrella had a peculiar mark on it, and the two men belonged to the same club. The original owner recognized his own in the club umbrella stand one day, and he effected an exchange.

Now it happened that the substituted umbrella had an address engraved on the handle. Curiosity induced the owner of the stolen one to make inquiries. It turned out that neither the owner of the house in question, his sons, nor any of his relations were members of that particular club.

One of the sons had lost an umbrella not long before, which answered exactly to the description of the other. The conclusion seemed to be that the thief was in the habit of "changing" umbrellas whenever the one which he temporarily possessed became a little worn, or whenever he came across one which struck his fancy.

Not very long ago considerable dismay was caused in a noble family by the discovery that the stones of a most valuable riviere of diamonds, which was one of the family heirlooms, were merely paste.

This discovery was made after the death of the previous life holder, and the conclusion seemed to be that she had taken the diamonds from their setting and sold them for her own purposes, substituting paste in their place to hide the removal. As the stones were only hers for life, she was undoubtedly guilty of theft.

Not long ago a young lady who was staying with a relation misused her intimacy to steal a valuable pearl necklace, which she sold.

That this was no case of kleptomania was proved by the fact that she did all in her power to throw suspicion on other people, and that she had evidently stolen the necklace not for love of it, but simply to convert it into money.

A leading jeweler informed the writer that most of their precautions were directed not against professional thieves, but against ladies who take violent fancies to jewels which are entirely beyond their power of purchase, and slip them into muffs or pockets while the assistant's back is turned. They do not know that there are unseen eyes watching them from peep-holes.

On one occasion a lady of high rank put a large and valuable black pearl into her glove while the assistant was bringing out some more stones. She soon rose to go—as they invariably do—but the signal had been given, and she was stopped and requested to go to the private room. There she was taxed with the theft. At first she was indignant, declared that she had never been so insulted in her life, added that she would withdraw her custom and that all society should hear of it.

As a matter of fact, she could have almost ruined the jeweler if she had been in the right. The watcher, however, was positive about the theft. She was threatened with the police station, and eventually she produced the pearl from the very glove in which the watcher had declared it was concealed.

An even worse case was that of a lady who bought three large pearls, paid for them down, and while the shopman was making out the receipt, stole three others. It turned out, on investigation being made, that she was the wife of a millionaire, and she had in her purse at that very moment enough money to pay for the stones—which she was obliged to do.

SOME SMALL AND SOME LARGE.—Between seventy and eighty years ago Lord Byron wrote that small hands and feet, small ears, and curling hair, were the outward and visible signs of gentle blood.

But it would be very unwise to judge of any person's pedigree by the comparative size of their feet and hands.

Choosing instances from the English Royal family, the Princess Beatrice has always from early childhood been distinguished by the large size of her hands and feet, while the hands of the Queen's sculptress daughter, Princess Louise, although strong, capable looking, and full of individuality, are also undoubtedly large.

Queen Victoria herself, on the other hand, is remarkable, even at her present venerable age, for the smallness of her soft, plump, and extremely pretty hands, and the diminutive size of her feet.

Her Majesty's black house-shoes are soft and small as those of a child, made quite without heels, with soles flexible as kid, and fastened by an old fashioned strap across the instep.

Not one of the Queen's children has, however, inherited her small hands and feet; and, to pass from persons of royal birth to highly-born subjects, the members of more than one of the oldest and proudest families, notably the Cavendishes, all possess hands and feet of unusual dimensions.

Yet our lady athletes need not distress themselves by the thought that exercise will spoil their feet by unduly broadening them. Famous dancers in past and present time have been renowned for the shapeliness of their feet, and no better formed feet are to be seen anywhere than those of the Boulogne fish-girls, who tramp daily for miles across the sands, but whose dancing shoes, manufactured at one special shop near the quay, are long and slender and of really beautiful shape.

Similarly, in the case of the hands, constant exercise at the piano tends to make them supple and graceful and to improve the shape.

AS IT IS DONE IN CHINA.—If a Chinaman wishes to be somewhat cold to an absent acquaintance, he begins his letter by saying, "For some days we have not met." If, however, he is desirous of showing a regard for his friend, he expands the phrase into "From a distance I have hoped that the blessings of your daily life and the best of good fortune may be such as to gratify you;" or "Having been separated from you for some days, I have thought eagerly and deeply of you."

He then goes on to the subject of his letter, but in all cases he avoids the use of the personal pronouns. By a system of circumlocution necessitated by this omission, he describes himself as "Your younger brother," the character representing his expression being written small and partly at the side of the column of words.

He designates himself and others conjointly as "We ants." But the person he addressing figures as "Your excellency."

"My benevolent elder brother," or "Your honor," literally, "You who are at the steps of the council chamber."

His own house is "a mean dwelling," or, as the parts of the character signify, "a stricken and broken dwelling:" but he is unable to think of his correspondent's habitation as anything but "an honorable," literally, "basket-of-pearl" palace. In the same spirit of self-abasement he feels obliged to wind up his epistle with the phrase, "Your stupid younger brother, So-and-so, bows his head to the ground."

If his correspondent proposes to call upon him, he hastens to assure him that "at the appointed hour, with bowing hands, he will await the time when his excellency shall abase himself by driving his chariot to his office." His friend's letter is "The revelation of his hand," and he takes pains to make him aware that holding it "with washed hands, he had chanted" its contents.

The pictorial nature of the Chinese writing supplies an interesting commentary on the ideas and habits of the people on the subjects which they wish to express, and thus the phrase just quoted is represented on paper by "water in a ewer over a basin," having reference to the well-known Eastern custom of cleansing the hands by pouring water over them.

WIT AND ART.—A smart pithy, or humorous definition often furnishes a happy illustration of the proverbial brevity which is the soul of wit.

To hit off a jury as "a body of men organized to find out which side has the smartest lawyer," is to satirise many of our "intelligent fellow countrymen."

A boy once said that "dust is mud with the juice squeezed out."

A fan, we learn from another juvenile source, is "a thing to brush warmth off with," and a monkey, "a small boy with a tail;" salt, "what makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on," and ice, "water that stayed out late in the cold and went to sleep."

A schoolboy, asked to define the word "sob," whimpered out: "It means when a feller don't want to cry and it ourts out itself."

Thin soup, according to an Irish mendicant, is "a quart of water boiled down to a pint, to make it strong."

Of definitions of a bachelor, "un-altered man," "a singular being," and "a target for a miss" are apt enough.

"What sustained our sires during their struggle for liberty?" was what a pedagogue asked a boy, and was astonished when the boy said, "Their legs, sir."

A walking-stick may be described as "an old man's strength and a young man's weakness," and an umbrella as "a fair and foul-weather friend who has had many ups and downs in the world."

LATE WITH THE NEWS.—One of our great ocean liners was crossing the Atlantic, in the teeth of a heavy gale, recently, when a sailor by some mischance lost his footing, and fell overboard.

The only person who observed the mishap was one of the passengers, who was afflicted with a most pronounced stutter.

This individual, eager to break the news of the seaman's danger, rushed up to the second mate, and gesticulating wildly, began: "M—m—m," but could get no further, owing to his excitement and the impediment of his speech.

"Go on, sir," said the mate, impatiently. "What is it? What is it?"

"M—m—m" the other commenced again, flourishing his arms more wildly than ever.

"Oh, hang it!" said the officer, testily, "I can't stand listening to your 'm—m—m—'s' all day. Sing it, man, sing it!"

Imagine the surprise and consternation of all around, when the stuttering gentleman, obeying orders, sang out, in a rich baritone voice—

"Man overboard, about a mile and a half astern!"

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AGENTS WANTED to introduce "EARTH GIRDLED," DR. TALMAGE'S wonderful new book. Nearly 600 massive pages. Over 400 pictures. He tells all he saw while traveling 'round the world. Address, "PEOPLE'S," 301 Market St., Phila., Pa.

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Humorous.

THE YOUNG KING.

Can this be a land of the brave and the free
Where no tyrant or King shall hold sway
When a monarch is here and a despot is he
Whom his subjects like slaves must obey?

We strive to withhold all weapons of harm
Yet reckless he'll oft grasp a blade
And kick up a runapes before he'll disarm
Since his majesty's hard to persuade.

But in spite of his pranks who wouldn't say this:
We'll for him risk our lives with a will.
How often his rockets wind up with a hiss
As a test of our loyalty still.

Great Crusoe away in that long famous tale
Was less of a monarch, for he
Is the king of our hearts, a fair baby smile
For his years have not yet numbered three.

—W. M.

An opening speech—"Who's got a corkscrew?"

Why are two t's like hops?—Because they make beer better.

The man who would try to stab a ghost would stick at nothing.

The right man in the right place—A husband at home in the evening.

Why is an author the most peculiar of animals?—Because his tale comes out of his head.

"I tell you, love, I have got the plan all in my head."

"Ah, then it is all in a nutshell."

Almost every young lady is public-spirited enough to be willing to have her father's house used as a court-house.

The old lady who mended her husband's trousers with a patch of grass, is now smoothing her hair with the comb of a rooster.

Curiosities wanted—A handle for a blade of grass, a letter written with a cow pen, and a feather from the wing of a hospital.

"I know well enough," said a youngster, "where fresh fish come from, but where these salt ones are catched, I'll be hanged if I can tell."

There is a farmer up the State who has a mile of children. His name is *Furlong*, and he has four boys and four girls. Eight furlongs one mile.

What a suspicious monster the man must have been who first invented a lock! but what a trusting creature the woman who first allowed a latch-key!

Householder: Here, drop my coat and get out.

Burglar: You shut up, or I'll wake your wife and give her this letter you forgot to post.

Mrs. Murphy: Sure, doctor, Oi want me tooth pulled.

Doctor: But I am an oculist, not a dentist.

Mrs. Murphy: Yis, Oi know; but, doctor, dear, is an eye tooth.

We have heard of many things on which topers contrive to get drunk, but of nothing so strange as that in the case of James Quigley, who, as reported, was convicted of having got drunk on the testimony of two police officers.

A.: You might help a fellow, if you wanted to. I'd like to have Gertrude find out all about my good points from an outsider.

B.: I am helping you, old chap. Why, it was only yesterday that I did my best to convince her that you were no fool.

Agitator: I ask you as a humane man, sir, what you intend to do with all those poor workmen when you have fitted your factory with this labor-saving machinery?

Manufacturer: Oh, I can give them a job keeping the machinery in proper working order.

A late lecturer remarked that it wouldn't be a very violent stretch of the imagination to believe "that a Massachusetts baby, six months old, could sit in his mother's lap, eyeing his cradle, to see if he could not invent a better; or at least suggest some improvement."

A prisoner being brought to the bar some time ago, to answer to a misdemeanor, told the prosecutor that he could convict him of both a thief and a murderer. Upon being required to prove his assertion, said he:

"Why, you ugly villain, you killed a monkey and stole his countenance."

"Hannah," said the landlady of a boarding house to her new maid, "when there's any bad news, particularly private afflictions, always let the boarders know it before dinner. It may seem strange to you, Hannah, but such little things make a great difference in the eating in the course of the year."

Mrs. Newed: Are you sure you love me as much as ever?

Mr. Newed: Perfectly.

Mrs. N.: And you will never, never love anyone else but me?

Mr. N.: Never.

Mrs. N.: And there isn't anything you wouldn't do for my happiness?

Mr. N.: That is, of course, nothing within the bounds of reason.

Mrs. N.: Hum! I thought so. You are just like all the rest. You've begun to reason.

THE ROUGH A COUGH.—The cold weather and the coughs now prevalent are reminders of the strange fact that a cough was chiefly responsible for the great amount of bloodshed that accompanied the Coup d'Etat by which the late Emperor of the French Napoleon III., obtained his throne.

That brilliant though unscrupulous adventurer, General de St. Arnaud, directed the military operations, but he was reluctant to undertake the definite responsibility of commanding the troops to fire upon the people, being somewhat in doubt as to the result of Napoleon's memorable enterprise.

When the time for resolute action arrived, and the mob showed signs of a desire to sweep aside the troops, the brigadier-generals under St. Arnaud's command sent an officer to their chief to ask him what they were to do. St. Arnaud was seized at that moment with a violent fit of coughing which lasted some minutes. When it stopped, the general just managed to gasp the words, "Ma sacree toux!" (My cursed cough).

The officer having waited until St. Arnaud had recovered his breath, repeated the question. Again the general was taken with a paltry fit of coughing, which terminated, as before, with the malediction, "Ma sacree toux!"

The officer was no dotard; he could take a hint, and, saluting, he left St. Arnaud's presence. On returning to the expectant brigadiers he was asked what reply the general had made.

"The general's only words and commands were 'Massacres toux!'" (massacre everybody).

These commands were obeyed to the letter, and many thousands of people were shot down and bayonetted in consequence.

EASILY SATISFIED.—A manufacturer of tombstones in a flourishing provincial town one day received a call from a customer who wished to buy a stone for his mother's grave.

After looking anxiously about for some time, and making numerous remarks as to his mother's taste, he finally fixed his gaze upon a stone which the stone-mason had prepared for another person.

"I like this one," he said decidedly; "I'll take this."

"But that belongs to another man," remonstrated the stone-mason; "and it has the name 'Francis' cut on it, as you see; that wouldn't do for your mother."

"Oh, yes it would," responded the countryman. "Mother couldn't read; and besides," he added, as he saw the stone-mason's expression, "she'd like it all the better if she could read, for Francis was always a favorite name of hers."

This story is suggestive of one told of a London tradesman suddenly grown rich, who, having set up his carriage in great state, went to a harness-maker to have a silver letter put on the blinkers of his horse.

"What is the initial?" asked the harness-maker.

"The what?" said the rich man, looking very blank.

"What letter shall I put on?" inquired the harness-maker, suppressing his amusement.

"Well, I haven't quite made up my mind," answered the customer, "but I should say W is about as handsome a letter as any, ain't it?"

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold a Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.15, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 5.00, 6.10, 7.30, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—8.30, 8.30, 9.30, 11.00 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.55, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12, night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 7.50, 10.00, 11.00 a m, 12.37 (Dining car), 3.15, 6.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55 a m, 12.44, (dining car), 6.35, 8.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.15 9.30, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.50, 9.30 a m, 1.00, 3.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.32, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.37, 9.32, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.30, 6.32, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m. does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

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For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.23, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.00, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.23, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.30 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 5.00), 4.00, 5.30, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.30, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.50, 8.15 a m, 4.31 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.30, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

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